



# THE CRAFTSMAN



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## SALOMÉ—THE PLAY AND THE OPERA: BY KATHARINE METCALF ROOF



THE opera of "Salomé," joint creation of the poetic imagination of Oscar Wilde and the musical genius of Richard Strauss, is a brief episode of passion, revenge, and death, the story of an age far removed from our understanding, an age where fatality lurked outside every door, where the motives that moved men were barbarous and instinctive, and where love and hate alike were wont to end in death.

A scarlet note of discord, out of tune with the tints of life and love, reconcilable only with the dark hues of death, it is not difficult to see why the idea of "Salomé" appealed to the strange musical imagination of Richard Strauss.

The play, which was originally written in French for Sarah Bernhardt (who never produced it), was prohibited by the censor in England, but made a tremendous impression in Germany, where it has been given repeatedly during the last two years. In Berlin, Richard Strauss saw it and was struck with its possibilities as a subject for opera. He began work upon it at once, and last December "Salomé" was produced in Dresden, and immediately plunged the musical world into such a war of words as it has not known since the operatic revolution of Richard-the-First Wagner (for in Germany, Wagner and Strauss are designated as Richard the First and Second, respectively). Since then the opera has been given in a number of German cities, and this winter it is to be heard in Paris and Turin. Its production in Berlin was at first prohibited by the Kaiser, who felt that *Salomé* was a person whom one might admire but could not approve. Recently, however, he has withdrawn his opposition. The opera was also censored in Vienna on the ground of its impropriety, but current musical gossip says that the real reason lay in the vocal and orchestral difficulties of the score—which seems more probable, as the Austrian city has never

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been supposed to be celebrated for its puritanical standards. And now the excitement has reached New York, and the opera is to be brought out at the Metropolitan the latter part of January, and more unobtrusively the play will be produced in German at the Irving Place Theater. Two performances of the play, unimportant save as an item in its history, have been given here in English.

Another phase of "Salomé" will be exploited in New York, when Julia Marlowe appears in that role in Sudermann's "Johannes," which I believe has never been given in its entirety in English in New York.

THE gradual development of the character of *Salomé* has been a process of evolution. In the New Testament narrative and in the first romantic versions of the story, it is *Herodias* who is the dominant character, and *Salomé* figures merely as the tool of her mother in requesting the head of John the Baptist. In one of the French transcriptions from which Wagner drew in creating the character of *Kundry*, *Herodias* figures as a sort of feminine wandering Jew, compelled to expiate her crime by living on forever an outcast. *Salomé* appears, however, as the object of *Herod's* infatuation in Sudermann's play "Johannes," and in Massenet's opera "Herodiade," in which Geraldine Farrar sang *Salomé* in Germany. But in Oscar Wilde's play we have a new *Salomé*, vivid as the symbolic force of evil itself, the central figure of the story, a *Salomé* perhaps fixed into immortality by the music of Richard Strauss—for the composer has followed the text closely, and has musically characterized *Salomé* as the words reveal her. It is a strange, exotic, grewsome musical personality, this *Salomé* of Strauss, truly, one would say, a personality of dissonances. But in order to appreciate its esthetic quality—granted that we find the opera possessing it—it is necessary to contemplate it unhandicapped by our Philistine American habit (inherited from our British forefathers) of judging art from the ethical standpoint. The point of view of our general public in these matters is widely different from the Continental attitude. There is here a large public—as the yellow journals and press agents well know—that, while it insists upon its good and bad label, derives the highest degree of unctuous enjoyment from finding out just how wicked the prohibited book or play may be. There are three other divisions of the public; two of them, the layman and the artist, unite in having a genuine distaste for the

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"unpleasant," and refuse, mentally, to look life fairly in the face. There are things to be said in favor of this evasive viewpoint, for it implies a greater degree of sensitiveness, a finer organization, than is shown by the European bluntness of expression which so often means unnecessary coarseness in the pursuit of realism. Nevertheless it is not necessary to be coarse in order to see life completely or to record it truly, and the art of these conventionalists is often immature and sometimes insincere.

The other class of artists and cultured laymen have learned that art has no morals—that is to say, that art is, and must be, detached from the question of morals. This is not to say that the thought contained in a literary production has no bearing on its value, for if the art quality of two productions be equally good, the one which embodies an ideal or uplifting thought is greater than the one whose thought is not ennobling. But art as a craft is essentially a matter of colors, sounds, rhythms, and word pictures. And whether its personages are good women or naughty men has no bearing on its value as a work of art. The question is, has it beauty and verity? But in America the schoolgirl sits in judgment at the theater and reads what she chooses. In Europe this is not the case. Therefore in our plays and our literature we have had, along more than one line, the schoolgirl standard.

LET us start out, then, by announcing boldly that the story of *Salomé* is frankly unpleasant, and that *Salomé* herself is not a young woman built along the lines of a magazine story heroine illustrated by Christy. *Salomé* is of an age barbaric, yet effete, primitive, yet decadent, an age of blood and violence. She is a child in years, yet a woman in her consciousness of life and of her own seductive powers. Reared in an atmosphere of crime she has no moral viewpoint. She is the creature of her environment, a creature of impulse and instinct.

She comes upon the scene fleeing from the undesired attentions of her stepfather *Herod* in the banquet hall. Indifferent to the adoration of the young Syrian soldier who humbly addresses her, her attention is attracted by the voice of John the Baptist prophesying from the pit, an empty subterranean cistern, where he is imprisoned. The entire action takes place upon the marble terrace of the palace in the moon-

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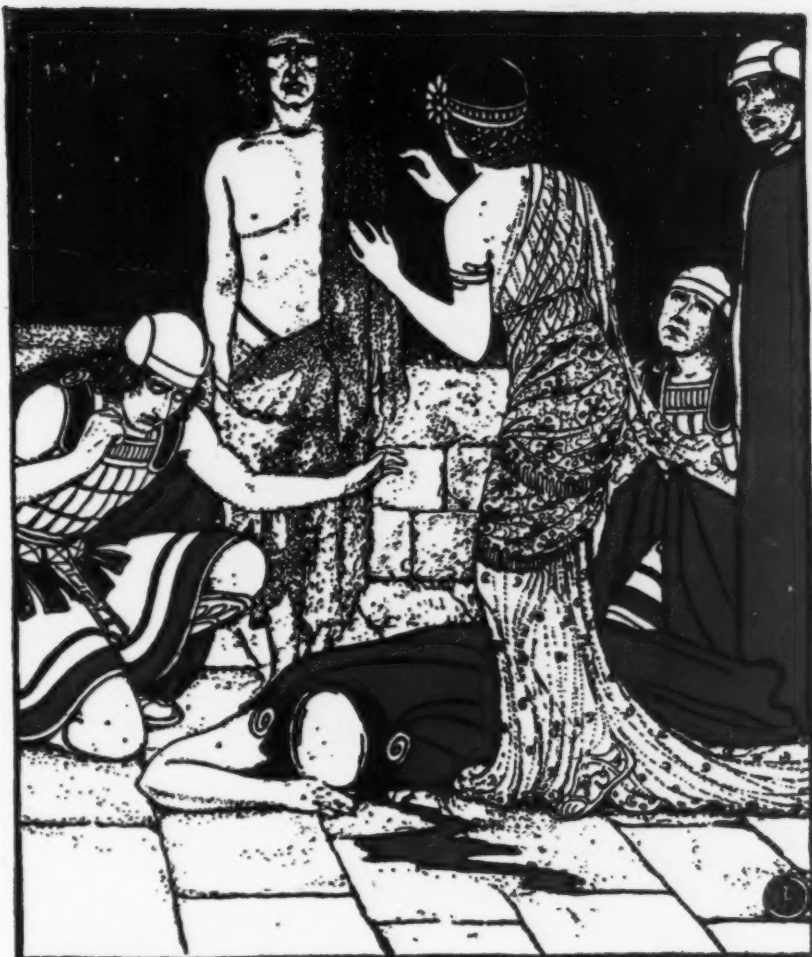
light. Below and beyond lies the unholy city wrapped in the veil of the tropical night. The sound of the prophet's voice arouses *Salomé's* curiosity. She asks the man's name and is told that it is *Iokanaan*—the author uses the Hebrew version of the name—who is imprisoned there by the king's command. She desires to see the holy man and commands the young Syrian soldier, who is custodian of the prisoner, to have him brought out for a moment that she may see him. The soldier, who is under oath not to release him, at first refuses. *Salomé* uses her arts to beguile him, promising him "a little flower" if he will give her one glimpse of the prophet. Finally, unable to withstand her, the young soldier orders *Iokanaan* to be brought forth. His wild and rugged look first repels, then fascinates *Salomé*. She draws near and addresses him. "Thy mouth is redder than the feet of them that tread the wine in the wine press. It is redder than the feet of the doves who inhabit the temple. . . . Suffer me to kiss thy mouth." *Iokanaan* repulses her harshly: "Never! daughter of Babylon!" But *Salomé* replies softly: "I will kiss thy mouth, *Iokanaan*." Then the young Syrian soldier pleads with her: "Princess, thou who art like a garden of myrrh, thou who art the dove of all doves, look not at this man. I can not endure it." *Salomé*, unheeding, says again, with the insistence of a child: "I will kiss thy mouth, *Iokanaan*."

The young soldier kills himself and falls between *Salomé* and *Iokanaan*, but *Salomé* does not even look. The little page who has loved him laments: "The young captain has slain himself! . . . Well I knew that the moon was seeking a dead thing, but I did not know it was he whom she sought. Ah, why did I not hide him from the moon? . . ."

A young soldier addresses *Salomé*, "Princess, the young captain has just slain himself." But *Salomé* only repeats, with her eyes upon the prophet, "Suffer me to kiss thy mouth, *Iokanaan*." The prophet answers, "Art thou not afraid, daughter of *Herodias*? Did I not tell thee that I had heard in the palace the beating of the wings of the angel of death and hath he not come?" Then he urges her to repentance. But *Salomé* has only one answer. Then the prophet arraigns her solemnly, "*Salomé*, thou art accursed."

But as he disappears into the pit *Salomé* runs lightly across the terrace and calls down with soft and terrible defiance: "I will kiss thy mouth, *Iokanaan*!"

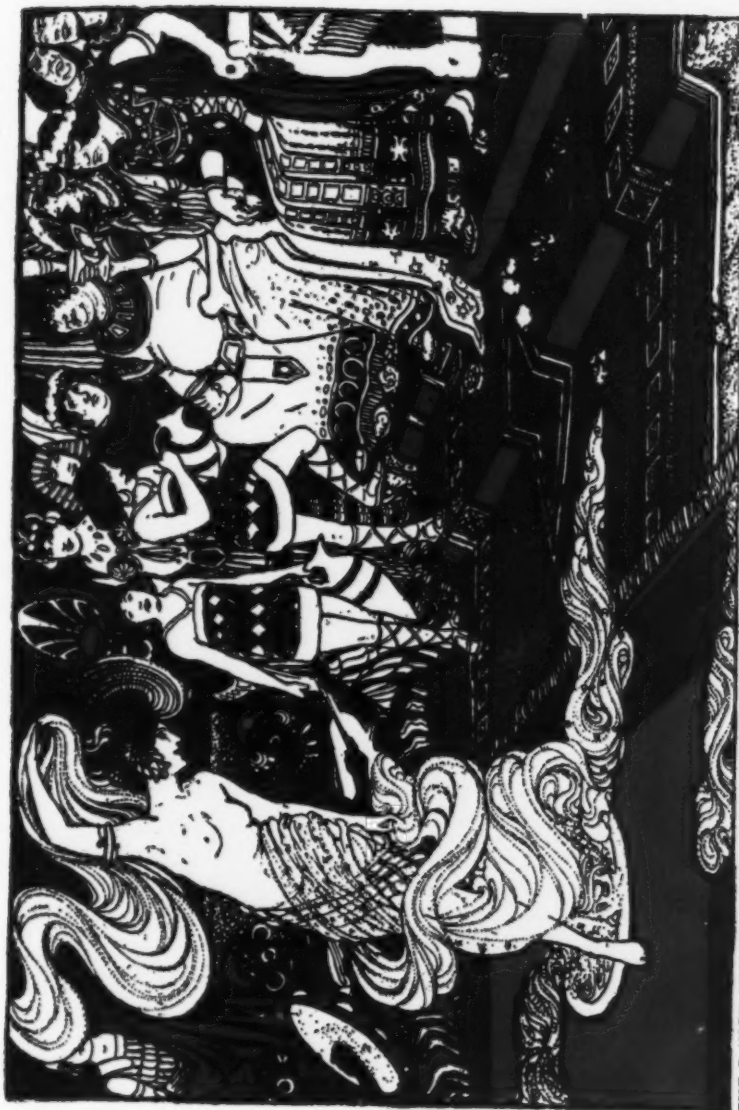




SALOMÉ AND JOHN THE BAPTIST  
*Drawn by Frances Lea*

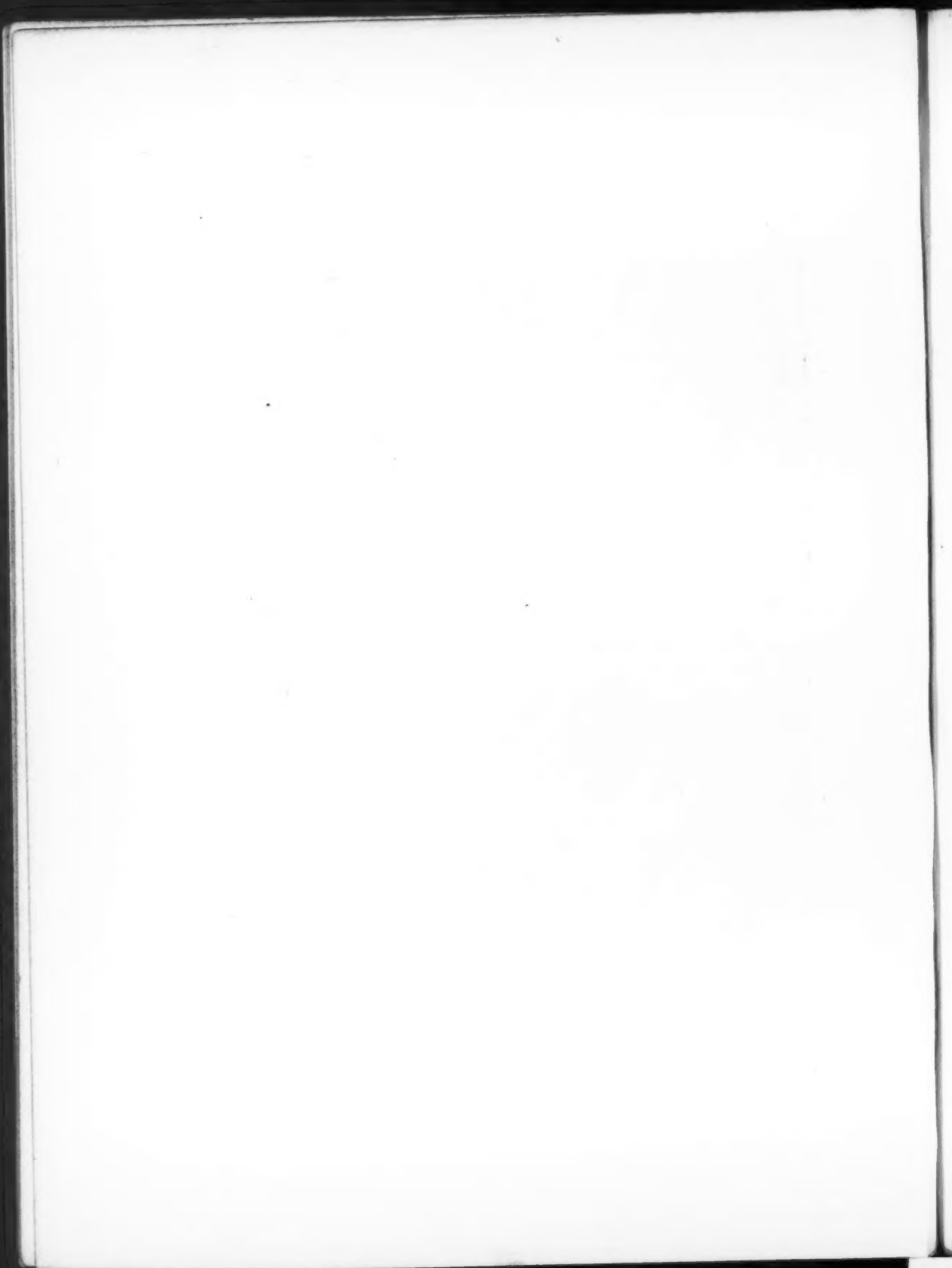
"I WILL KISS THY MOUTH, IOKANAAN!"





THE DANCE OF THE SEVEN VEILS  
Dances by Frances Lee

"SHE MUST NOT DANCE ON  
BLOOD, IT WERE AN EVIL OMEN."





SALOMÉ WITH THE HEAD OF JOHN THE BAPTIST  
*Drawn by Frances Leo*

"AH, IOKANAAN, THOU WERT THE  
MAN I LOVED AMONG MEN"





## SALOMÉ: THE PLAY AND OPERA

*Herod* comes upon the terrace, his brain befogged with wine, his conscience uneasy with his crimes. For, unlike the implacable *Herodias* and her daughter *Salomé*, *Herod* is capable of remorse. The Tetrarch is moody, his mind wanders—"I am passing sad to-night. When I came hither I slipt in blood, which is an evil omen: also I heard in the air the beating of wings. I can not tell what they may mean. I am sad to-night, therefore dance for me, *Salomé*, I beseech thee."

*Salomé* at first refuses. She sits apart in a black mood, brooding. *Herod* begins to bribe her. "If thou wilt dance for me thou mayest ask of me what thou wilt and I will give it thee, even to the half of my kingdom."

**T**HEN a thought strikes her. She rises. "Will you indeed give me whatsoever I shall ask?"

*Herod* repeats, ". . . . even unto the half of my kingdom."

*Herodias*, suddenly fearful of her daughter as a possible rival, commands her: "Do not dance, my daughter." *Herod* repeats, "Even to the half of my kingdom. Thou wilt be passing fair as a queen, *Salomé*. . . ." Then his mind wanders: "Ah, it is cold here . . . and wherefore do I hear in the air this beating of wings? . . . one might fancy a huge black bird that hovers over the terrace." Then he imagines that his garland of flowers is of fire and tears it from his head. He looks at it as it lies upon the ground: "How red the petals are! They are like stains of blood. . . . It is not wise to see symbols in everything. It makes life too full of terrors. It were better to say that stains of blood are lovely as rose petals. . . ." His thought returns to *Salomé*. "But now I am happy. . . . Thou hast promised to dance for me, *Salomé*." *Herodias* repeats, "I will not have her dance." But *Salomé*, disregarding her, answers to *Herod* with her strange smile, "I will dance for you, Tetrarch."

Then *Salomé* dances. In the music of the opera at this point, the motive that expresses *Salomé's* desire underlies the dance rhythms, showing that it is of *Iokanaan* and her growing plan of revenge that she is thinking as she dances. When it is over and the king in a transport asks the girl what she wishes, there is a pause. Then, more childlike than at any previous moment, *Salomé* begins to answer, "I ask that they bring me"—she hesitates. *Herod* nods fatuously, she

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continues, "upon a silver platter—" He repeats foolishly, "upon a silver platter—aye, aye, a silver platter—" *Salomé* finishes, "the head of *Iokanaan*!"

Then there is consternation. *Herod*, frightened, tries to withdraw. He pleads with her: "Ask of me something else. Ask of me half of my kingdom." *Herodias*, alarmed at this suggestion, repeats harshly, "You have given your oath, *Herod*." He continues to plead with *Salomé*, offering her priceless presents. "Thou knowest my white peacocks; . . . their beaks are gilded with gold and their feet are stained purple. Caesar himself has no birds so fair as my birds. I will give them all to thee. Only thou must loose me from my oath."

But *Salomé*, like a child, again answers to everything, "Give me the head of *Iokanaan*." Finally *Herod* sinks back exhausted. "Let her be given what she asks. Of a truth she is her mother's child." *Herodias* slips the ring of death from *Herod*'s half unconscious finger, and gives it to the executioner, who goes down into the pit. *Salomé* leans over the brink and listens. Hearing no sound she begins to rave of the executioner's cowardice, and commands the soldiers to go down and bring her the head. Then the black arm of the executioner rises from the pit, holding aloft the silver platter and upon it the head of *Iokanaan*. *Salomé* seizes it, *Herod* hides his face. *Herodias* sits and fans herself. The onlookers fall upon their knees. Then *Salomé* addresses the head. The scene, the idea, dwelt upon is, of course, unspeakably revolting; yet done in the semi-darkness, as on the German stage, the beholder is spared most of the horror of realism. Some critics (among them Dr. Otto Neitzel) see *Salomé*'s impulse as other than criminal. In their eyes she may be regarded as the outraged princess who loves for the first time, and is driven to temporary madness by the prophet's denunciation and repulse. For, addressing the head, *Salomé* says, "Ah, *Iokanaan*, thou wert the man that I loved among men! All other men were hateful to me. But thou wert beautiful! . . . If thou hadst seen me, thou hadst loved me. I saw thee and I loved thee." *Herod* rises outraged by the sight. "Put out the torches! Hide the moon! Hide the stars! Let us hide ourselves in our palace. *Herodias*, I begin to be afraid." Out of the darkness, the voice of *Salomé* is heard: "I have kissed thy mouth, *Iokanaan*." Then *Herod* gives the command, "Kill the woman!" and the soldiers, rushing forward, crush *Salomé* beneath their shields.

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THE text of the play, as will be seen from these quotations, has poetic quality of a certain artificial kind, and is often rich in the suggestion of color images. The conclusion is, of course, irrevocably repulsive; yet is one prepared to deny that it is a possible picture of the period? Undeniably the imagination was blunt and unsensitive in those days, and the repugnance we suffer from the concluding passages of "Salomé" is of our normal civilized imagination.

The effect of the play—and so far as any phase other than the musical is concerned, of the opera also—depends largely upon the appearance and personality of *Salomé*. In the majority of the German theaters the audiences were favored with a young and slender *Salomé*. Lili Marberg, of the *Münchener Schauspielhaus*, who is young, beautiful, and extraordinarily childish in her personality, gave to *Salomé* a verity, an untamed barbaric grace, that created absolute illusion. In the dance of the Seven Veils, which was a series of mysterious subtle movements upon the circle of a golden platter, done to the stringed music of slaves, she was an object of dissolving beauty. But such complete satisfaction of illusion is rare, even in the theater, and still more so in the opera, where the first essential requirement of the heroine is a voice. Frau Wittich, the creator of *Salomé* in the Dresden opera, is, alas, a lady of mature and ample proportions! The dance episode she very wisely did not attempt. A skilful arrangement was made instead, whereby a professional *danseuse* was interpolated for that moment. The same device is to be used at the Metropolitan, where the *première danseuse*, Miss Bianca Froelich, will essay the dance, in place of Miss Fremstad. It is the safest solution of the problem unless the singer should happen to have a genius for dancing like Lina Abarbanell, although the conception of the conventional *danseuse* is likely to be something quite remote from the original idea of the dance. Yet treated as it was in the *Münchener Schauspielhaus* it might conceivably be misunderstood here. Such a thing must be done by an artist and viewed from the standpoint of the artist not to suffer from vulgar misconception.

FOR *Salomé*, more than for most operatic roles, it will be difficult to find an opera singer who can both look and sing the part, and it is to be doubted if there will be anywhere another interpreter more satisfactory, on the whole, than Miss Olive Fremstad, who

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will create the role in America. If not childlike and delicate, she has, so far, been spared the opera singer's tragedy—*embonpoint*. She has magnetism and temperament. It is in roles seductive, passionate, with something more than a glimpse of the primitive under the surface, that she is at her best,—*Carmen*, *Venus*, *Kundry* in the scene of *Parsifal's* temptation, *Sieglinde* in the moment of her fatal abandonment to love. Yet *Salomé* is different from all these, even the instinctive, soulless little gipsy *Carmen*. Asiatic, exotic, far removed from the modern normal, she is as remote from the Spanish cigarette girl as are the disorganized phrases of Strauss from the melodious witchery of Bizet. Fremstad's voice should be peculiarly fitted to the expression of *Salomé*, for it is a voice containing Oriental colors. It is, however, an organ to which violence has been done by its owner's determination to raise it from the mezzo to the soprano class—a violence that no voice can withstand for long without disaster. The question arises as to whether it can be relied upon to cope with the almost superhuman difficulties of the Strauss score.

Before passing to a consideration of the music of "Salomé," readers who are not familiar with the facts about Richard Strauss may care to know that he was born in Munich, on June 11, 1864; that his father was a first horn player in the Bavarian Court Band—one of the most celebrated bands in Germany—and that his mother was the daughter of a wealthy Munich brewer. His Second Symphony, one of his early compositions, was produced in New York as long ago as 1884, by Theodore Thomas. Within the last few years the majority of his most important and characteristic orchestral compositions have been heard here: Herr Emil Paur, who is a great admirer of Strauss, was responsible for the production of many of his works in America. These tone poems, "Don Juan," "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," "Don Quixote," "Thus Spake Zarathustra," "A Hero's Life," "A Domestic Symphony," and "Death and Transfiguration," have been given here by the Boston Symphony, the Philharmonic and Damrosch Orchestras, and under the conductorship of Strauss himself, while he was in this country two years ago. As musical compositions they are a departure from all the established forms. In them, Wagner's use of the dissonance, which caused a revolution in both senses of the word in the musical world, is carried to what would seem to be the farthest possible point. It must be admitted that in many of these effects the





*Courtesy of the Musical Courier*

RICHARD STRAUSS, COMPOSER OF "SALOMÉ"



*Lili Marberg*



*Lili Marberg*



*Lili Marberg*



*Lottie Sarrow*

WHEN OSCAR WILDE'S PLAY OF "SALOMÉ" WAS PRODUCED AT THE SCHAUSPIELHAUS, MUNICH, THESE TWO YOUNG ACTRESSES WERE SELECTED TO ALTERNATE IN THE LEADING ROLE



GERALDINE FARRAR AS SALOMÉ  
IN MASSENET'S OPERA "HERODIADÉ"



*Oscar Wilde, Author of the Play of Salomé*

WHEN OSCAR WILDE WAS IN AMERICA IN 1882 MR. JAMES KELLY WAS COMMISSIONED TO DO AN ETCHING OF HIM. THE BAS RELIEF FROM WHICH THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN WAS MODELED BY MR. KELLY FROM ONE OF THE THREE REMAINING PRINTS OF THAT ETCHING

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composer seems to be guilty of the sin of ugliness, and many critics have denied his compositions a place in the world of music. Certainly our ears are as yet unaccustomed to many of his combinations of sounds. "Death and Transfiguration," and "A Hero's Life," however, are compositions that have an indescribable beauty, and repetition only serves to increase their power over the imagination. Many of his songs have the highest degree of lyric quality.

Strauss composed two operas before "Salomé," "Guntram" and "Feuersnot" (The Love Famine), which was considered sufficiently startling before the days of "Salomé." Neither of these works have been produced in America, although excerpts from "Feuersnot," which like "Salomé" consists of a single act, have been heard here in concert.

IN "SALOMÉ" all the structural peculiarities exhibited in the composer's other works are multiplied, intensified, outdone. Some idea of the formless character of the music may be gained from the fact that a violinist in the orchestra, after practicing his part for three weeks, found himself unable to whistle a single phrase. The opera consumes one hour and forty minutes in the performance, and the action, as has already been indicated, is continuous. This fact, in view of the composer's use of unresolved chords, constant changes of key, and distorted harmonies, is a severe nervous strain even upon those not sufficiently acquainted with the art of music to realize the reason. At the first performance of "A Hero's Life" in Carnegie Hall, a large number of the audience arose and left. And that tone poem must seem a lullaby in comparison with "Salomé," as nearly as we can judge from the piano score of the opera and the comment of the European critics. But of the effect of a work so orchestrally complex as "Salomé," it would be quite impossible to form any conception from a piano arrangement, and it must be, as Dr. Paul Pfitzner remarks in the *Musicalisches Wochenblatt*, that "no one is able to understand the work at a single hearing, since there is so much in the way of new combinations of instruments, flouted conventions and orchestral colors hitherto unknown." These effects are produced in such ways as, for instance, in an actually different handling of the strings. Another peculiarity is, that in almost every case the singers end in a different key from the one in which they began, and, in one instance, the tenor sings a quarter of a tone above the orchestra—an



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excursion into the realm of Japanese music! One of the illustrative effects, which is described as "indescribable," is a grewsome representation, on the strings, of the falling of the drops of blood while *Iokanaan* is being beheaded in the pit. Another German critic has declared that Strauss has reached in "Salomé" the limit of his kind of music and is now at the parting of the ways: that further development in that direction must result in the destruction of musical law, and end in a land where tonal anarchy reigns supreme." Yet in this connection a point commented on by several critics is worthy of consideration, namely, that it is the kind of music demanded by the subject, which is itself discordant, savage, pagan. The question then becomes that of the legitimacy of realism in music. A painter would not use the same palette for a Moorish interior full of gold and primary colors that he would set for a spring landscape, and in such setting of the musical palette Wagner has proved himself past master of color discriminations. In his tonal schemes the dissonance and the discord only serve to enrich the gorgeous pattern of the score, and to heighten its sublime beauty. The question, after all, is one of the ultimate definition of beauty. Never, surely, were more sharply conflicting opinions expressed upon any art subject than upon this of "Salomé." Here are some of the descriptive terms used by the combatants: "paradoxical," "cerebral," "audacious," "effects of ravishing beauty," "crude," "cyclonic," "barbarous," "the greatest achievement since 'Tristan and Isolde.'" Some critics, indeed, have set the opera above Wagner's "Tristan" in importance. But to this the Dresden critic for the London *Times* justly objects, observing that "Salomé" is necessarily inferior because it has "no romance, no lyric quality." And so the war goes on. To some it marks the highest development in the world of music, to others the demoralization, the disintegration of the art. It is a recognized fact by this time that all great changes in the history of the world have seemed disastrous or ridiculous to the majority at the time. In the matter of Strauss's extreme development of his musical theories, we can only set the whole matter down as too complex and new for us to be able to decide yet what we think.

The score of "Salomé" requires that the orchestra be enormously increased, even that instruments of certain variations of quality be especially constructed.

At the Dresden performance the orchestra consisted of twenty-

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eight violins, ten violas, ten 'cellos, eight double basses, eight drums, castanets, a chime of bells, two harps, a xylophone, a tambourine, a tom-tom, a triangle, cymbals, a celestin, and a glockenspiel. One German wit has suggested that the list of instruments be further enlarged by the addition of four locomotive whistles, a fog horn, a battery of howitzers, and two steam sirens!

Karl Burrian, who created the role of *Herod* at the Dresden performance, will also sing it here. He is a Bohemian who has made his first appearance in New York this winter, and is a familiar type of Wagnerian tenor. His voice is hard in quality, and his tone production has many of the vices of what is popularly, but more or less unjustly, known as the German method. He is, however, painstaking and intelligent, and the role of *Herod* is one making large demands upon both qualities. Anton Van Rooy, who seems to retain his popularity with our public, will sing *Iokanaan*. Miss Fremstad, as already stated, will sing *Salomé*, and the opera will be conducted by Hertz. Mr. Conried made an effort—unfortunately unsuccessful, because of the composer's German engagements—to secure the services of Strauss himself. Herr Hertz, however, has had the opportunity of studying the composer's interpretation in Germany.

The anticipated production of "*Salomé*" is creating more discussion among both musical and unmusical people than has been occasioned by any opera brought out here in recent years, not excepting "*Parsifal*." The nature of the excitement, however, is different. The interest of musicians and critics in the production of "*Parsifal*" was largely confined to those who had not had the opportunity of hearing the work at Bayreuth, for musically it is quite universally conceded to be of less interest than Wagner's other operas. But while the stage production of "*Parsifal*" was combated by many people because of the religious character of its subject—an objection justified by the uncouth behavior of a large proportion of the New York audience—"Salomé" will be objected to on precisely opposite grounds. Both productions have aroused a high degree of excitement in the camp of the Philistines, by whom "*Parsifal*" was vaguely understood as something mysteriously important, that for some reason had been locked away for years in a little German village! Somebody did n't want them to see it. The papers had been full of some quarrel about it and now one could go and find out what it was all about! And so the opera

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house was filled with a strange and puzzled crowd, of which the greater part had never entered its doors before. And extraordinary were the comments that were made during the performance! Speculations as to which flower maiden would "get" *Parsifal*, worries as to whether *Kundry* was *Parsifal's* mother or a lady who had taken a fancy to him, mingled with neighborly consultations as to the price of tickets (this overheard during the Grail music), and calculations as to the exact length of time Burgstaller had to stand still without moving! Truly it was enough to make the sentimentalist weep and the cynic laugh—but "*Parsifal*" is no novelty now. This season we have "*Salomé*."

The popular agitation over "*Salomé*" will lie in quoted tales of the horrors of the story, in vague rumors of the censorship of the opera in European cities, and in the fact that the music is said to sound queer!

For the musician, the music critic, the music lover, the interest lies in the hearing of the latest composition of a man who—whether he be an iconoclast or a genius who will revolutionize the music of the future—is, in any case, a personality and a force.



## THE REGENERATION OF BENVENUTO: BY CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY



“HERE,” said the Charity Visitor impressively, indicating the kindergarten room with a sweep of one much bejeweled hand, while with the other she held her lorgnette to her eyes and viewed the goldfish sentimentally, “here, young ladies, lies the salvation, yes, I would say even the regeneration, of the child of the slums.

“He comes to us starved, metaphorically. He comes to us from the uncongenial environment of the slums and the tenement house. He comes to us with a longing, though unexpressed, for the good, the pure, the beautiful. We meet this longing, young ladies. We lead him into a miniature world of light, of music, of song. In every child lies a divine spark awaiting the magnetic influence that will make it kindle and burst into flame. We of the Organized Charity Board furnish the magnet. We satisfy the soul of the child.”

The class in Experimental Philanthropy scribbled nervously in their note books as they filed into the kindergarten room, and took seats at a safe distance from the circle of small chairs which indicated the magnet's point.

“You will note carefully during the morning,” went on the Charity Visitor, “the manner in which each stage of the work is planned to meet the esthetic needs of the child. We begin the exercises with a period of quieting music. Ah, the ‘March of the Prophets!’ How appropriate!”

To the prophetic strains issuing forth from a wheezy piano, and with measured tread and slow, the children of the slums marched in as one body. As one body save for Patsy, paired with Carmella, and surreptitiously sticking a pin into her fat little leg as he poured his woes into a friendly ear:

“I won’t march wid her! Ginnies and Polocks ain’t your neighbors, not if they live by your own cellar!”

As one body save also for Rocco, who brought up the rear, weeping copiously.

“He dressed by his self already,” explained Assunta. “He’s pants is on wrong side front, like. He say he know not which way to march.”

But the path of the march lay mercifully short. Each child reached a chair, seated himself, and folded his hands reverently as the last chord of music died away in ethereal faintness.

## THE REGENERATION OF BENVENUTO

"The circle is the symbol of unity, young ladies," said the Charity Visitor. "In founding this great educational system, Pestalozzi, Froebel, even Kant—" but the flow of her discourse was interrupted.

"Now what are we all thinking about, children," asked the kindergartner. "What did we talk about yesterday? Who remembers the story of the *dear* little bird?"

Patsy waved one little black hand wildly in the air.

"Well, Patsy, love, you did remember. Tell the story to us," said the kindergartner.

"Sure, ma'am," said Patsy, his vehemence causing him to rise and stand upon his feet, "you niver see'd the likes of Benvenuto. Yisterday he undid the chain forninst the Ginny's milk cans, and the milk it come a-pourin' out like a sewer-pipe. Oh, the cats, Miss Bessie, they was thick! And he near got sent up, Benvenuto did, only the cop said he was too little."

"Yes," piped in Carmella, not waiting for the formality of raising a hand, "and Benvenuto's coming by the kindergarten this day, Miss Bessie. He looks just like a robin. I see him already when I started."

"He don't look like no robin," retorted Patsy, scornfully. "He's breast aint in the right place."

"There, there, children," said Miss Bessie, glancing nervously at the class in Experimental Philanthropy, which was still taking hurried notes. "We will sing 'Where do all the Birdies Go?'"

THE dulcet strains poured forth from the piano, but there was suddenly a sound as of shuffling, and the rattle of overturned furniture, which issued from the hall. Nearer and nearer came the sounds as a white clad individual entered the room, breathless, but with an outward semblance of calm.

"I have a new little man for you, Miss Bessie. He is a trifle old for the kindergarten, but he does n't seem to care for the story hour, and he quite refused to join the basketry class. He threw a chisel at the carpentry teacher, so it seemed as if he needed the calming influence of the kindergarten. I believe he is fresh from the children's court, where he was discharged because of his youth. But you will know just what to do with him, I feel sure."

And in the doorway appeared a buxom Irish maid, the drops of



## THE REGENERATION OF BENVENUTO

perspiration streaming from her brow as she forcibly backed in a small boy. His entrance could be obtained in none other than this goat-like manner, because of extreme unwillingness on his part. The dirt of seven seasons had left its imprint upon his little round face. His likeness to a robin was glowingly set forth in a brilliant orange patch with which his mother had reinforced the seat of his trousers.

A hushed whisper of "Benvenuto, Benvenuto, yesterday, Benvenuto!" went about the circle.

"He's breast aint in the right place! See, Greeny!" said Patsy; but the voice of Benvenuto arose as he glanced over his shoulder at the sea of strange faces:

"Me no lika, me no lika. Me go by the cop, rather. He have a feard on this place. Me go by the cop station, rather!"

The maid wiped her perspiring brow.

"Asking your pardon, Miss, he comes to ye unwashed, or not at all. Git in there, ye spalpeen! Sure and I tried to wash him, but what with his being sewed up that tight that I could n't get to him proper without ripping him—which he would n't allow—it was n't to be done. When me back was turned, what does he do but fill his pockets with tooth brushes, and then he eats a bit of pink castile, thinking it to be candy. Sure and I hope his insides is clean!"

Through the combined efforts of members of the class in Experimental Philanthropy, Benvenuto was conducted to a chair. When urged to be seated he stiffened into the likeness of a ramrod, but whether it was the sight of a few familiar faces, or Patsy's trying the orange patch with one grimy little thumb to see if it would burn, suddenly Benvenuto shut up like a jack-knife, and found his place within the "symbol of unity."

"Where *do* all the little birdies go?" asked Miss Bessie, her tremulous tones attesting her mental state. "Did you ever see a little bird, Benvenuto?"

No answer, but Benvenuto surveyed her through half shut, big, brown eyes, that held a light as of dark design within their depths.

"They go by the garbage-can, already," ventured Assunta. "They likes our remains." The Charity Visitor ignored Assunta, saying:

"Subconsciously, this child will be deeply influenced by the exercises of the morning. Whether or not he reaches the point of expression to-day will be interesting to note. A most unexpected oppor-

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tunity, young ladies, to note the calming effect of kindergarten symbolism upon the undeveloped mind."

**B**ENVENUTO appeared to the outward eye calm but speechless. He observed the trained movements of the children of the slums as they moved their chairs and cleared the "symbol of unity" for a period of games. After much pressure, he, also, deposited his chair within close proximity to the Charity Visitor, and shuffled around with the others in a mad ring of dancing as they caroled:

"Sing sweet, a happy band,  
Each beside the other stand."

Benvenuto looked expectantly about for the band, and Patsy, close by, sang vociferously his own interpretation of the song:

"Singing sweet a happy band  
Taking cider off a stand."

But neither of these happy objects met Benvenuto's anxious gaze. Surely a kindergarten was a place of delusions; and the song changed:

"Fly, little birds, fly round the ring—"

Assunta and Rocco spread their arms wide and began flapping them ecstatically up and down as they circled about to the tune of the Spring Song.

"Fly, Benvenuto, fly!" came in stentorian tones from somewhere, so Benvenuto flapped also. But alas for the shoes of his mother which he was wearing! In the palmy days of their youth even, they were not meant to adorn the feet of a robin; nor yet to cavort to the theme of Mendelssohn. Benvenuto tripped and fell, and Patsy's whispered remarks of sarcasm broke upon his ear.

Benvenuto picked himself up, and dashed upon Patsy.

"Feet-a too big-a! Greeny! Me show-a you!" And words too eloquent for pen to chronicle. In the desperate struggle that ensued symbolic games were forgotten as Benvenuto was placed forcibly in his chair, sullen but triumphant, and Patsy was led weeping from the room to be repaired as to his nose, and consoled as to his spirit.

"What the child needs is the Gift work," said the Charity Visitor with finality, in the hushed pause that ensued after Patsy's removal.

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"Give his little hands something to do, and his little heart will expand."

"We will each have a little red apple, children," said Miss Bessie as the class in Experimental Philanthropy grouped itself about the long, low table, to note the psychological and ethical effect of red-worsted balls upon the infant mind:

"And the wind will rock the apples and sing to them. Now they go high, now low, now high. Every child hold his ball up very high. Why, where is your ball, Benvenuto?"

Benvenuto's English failed him.

"He got it already by his shirt," said Assunta. "Benvenuto swipes, always, Miss Bessie!"

"Ah, you mustn't do that, little boy," said Miss Bessie in agony of spirit, but Benvenuto's hour of retribution had arrived. A free passage across the room presented itself and an open window. Who could resist? What mattered it that the Charity Visitor's lorgnette was broken, the goldfish jar overturned, and the theories of the class in Experimental Philanthropy shattered in his wild rush for freedom? A sound as of breaking glass and a last view of the robin's misplaced breast disappearing from sight through the window.

**T**O BE let loose in the sunshine of New York, and on Grand Street!

*Music?* Its refining influence? From a corner came the glorious strains of "Blue Bells" and "Heiny" ground out of a hurdy-gurdy, with a banjo and a tambourine attachment. Benvenuto executed a war dance, alone and unobserved, save for the sacred cat of the McGintys, who was guiltily sleeping on an ash-pile, and whose lank tail he stepped upon.

*Wloe?* Chinatown Joe was playing in the Bowery, and in mad patches of red and green and yellow were the charms of the play set forth on a poster that covered the whole side wall of a junk shop. When, from sheer physical exhaustion, Benvenuto could dance no longer, and the hurdy-gurdy had moved on to pastures fresh, he stood and feasted his eyes with the ecstasy of a Fra Lippo Lippi upon the physiognomy of Chinatown Joe.

But the gong of the police patrol and the clang of a fire engine awoke him to the sterner duties of life. He must not waste precious time upon mere pleasures of the senses: there were new fields to be con-

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quered. Under the horses' noses he darted in a vain attempt to see the *rummy* in the patrol wagon, through Orchard on to Allen Street. The Ginny peanut man was rashly passing the time of day with the lady who operated the ermine push cart. Benvenuto hastily filled his shirt with peanuts until he bore more resemblance to a pigeon than any other fowl of the air, and hurried on.

Through a dusky window he could see Chin Loo ironing shirts. There was just time to shout, "Chinky, Chinky!" and go through before Chin Loo could reach the doorway with his flatiron raised threateningly.

Then on, farther and ever farther.

Under the bridge, Benvenuto met a charity representative. There was no mistaking the genus. He attached himself to her long enough to work upon her feelings in his mixture of English and liquid Italian, and extract from her five cents on the plea of a sick baby at home, which he promptly spent for bananas to reinforce the inner man. The fruit man was busy shining his anæmic apples with a black cloth and a little silver polish. Such a symmetrical pyramid he had made of them, but Benvenuto knew where lay the keystone of the arch. Dexterously he extracted the proper apple, and then dashed on, looking back with glee at the havoc he had wrought.

What was that just ahead? Oh, happy sight! A basement shop with a tenement pile above it, in the window a blond wig reposing in a gild fruit dish, and the sign,

"Antonio Battino, Artistical Tonsorial Parlors,"

attested to the occupation of the owner.

From the door came the refreshing odor of frying garlic. As he plodded along, Benvenuto could picture the scene. There would be spaghetti, yards of it, for the just and the unjust alike. One could slip in unobserved and partake of the feast, and be made so gloriously welcome. No embarrassing remarks would be made as to one's protracted and enforced absence; for the maternal Battino questioned not the exits nor the entrances of her offspring.

Down the steps, through the "artistical parlors," and out of sight went a tired little boy. Rejoice again, ye gods, rejoice exceedingly! In spite of the efforts of Organized Charity, Benvenuto Battino, the unregenerate, is home.

AMERICAN BRONZES AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM: AN IMPORTANT COLLECTION IN PROCESS OF FORMATION: BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY



IT IS significant of the new spirit in the management of the Metropolitan Museum of Art—its energetic development along a broad, coherent plan, and the intimate relation it is assuming toward our native art under the directing hand of Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke—that it should have begun already a collection of modern American bronzes. For the most important, the most vital work that is being done in American art to-day, the work that not only has achieved already the greatest results, but has in it the most promise for the future, is in bronze. A few of the pieces of this collection, such as the MacMonnies "Bacchante," have been familiar to the public for some time, but most of them are recent accessions. The collection is still very small, a mere beginning in fact, but to be increased as rapidly as opportunity permits.

The exhibit is representative of the diverse lines along which our artists in bronze are working, and it shows how deeply their work is rooted in our national character, how vital is its connection with our national life, how expressive it is of varied phases of our feeling as a people. And that is why its achievement—though less in quantity than are the products of the art of painting, or of sculpture in marble—is so significant already and so full of promise for the future. For an art that is not the direct outgrowth of some phase of a people's life, the beautiful flowering of their character, their feeling, or their aspiration, has no vitality, is an extraneous thing, merely patched upon their life from the outside. And having so little meaning it can not hope to live. There is no place for it in the long, grand story of the onward march of humanity. But when it is the expression of the thoughts, the emotions, the experience, the characters of living men and women, busy with the work of the world, loving and hating, looking upward and pushing onward, it becomes a part of the history of the world. And whether it is painted upon canvas, sculptured in marble, told in story, breathed into music, expressed in bronze, sung in poesy, or upbuilt in cathedral towers, it is an integral part of the chronicles of human achievement, and is destined to as much of immortality as its material form can make possible.



## COLLECTION OF AMERICAN BRONZES

Two modern bronze works upon which the eye falls at once on entering the hall of sculpture seem to me to be worthy of a place among the great achievements of the race in sculptural art: Gutzon Borglum's "Mares of Diomedes," and Frederick MacMonnies' "Bacchante." They are both strikingly illustrative of the very strong tendency of American art toward the sculpture of action. It makes no difference what may have been the convictions of artists and art critics in other days, about the inherent unharmoniousness of strenuous action caught and held in cold bronze or colder marble, the modern American artist, especially the artist in bronze, has taken the bit in his teeth and his artistic product, if present indications can be trusted, will be largely of men and animals in more or less vigorous movement. Indeed, how could it be otherwise if he is at all in touch with the life of his time? For he comes of a nation whose restless energy is unceasing and untiring. Strenuous activity is the most salient characteristic of his people, and through his mind and hands it must find expression, as movement, energy, action, in his art.

Mr. Borglum was born and grew up on the Western plains, and this masterpiece of his had its primary inspiration and found its motive in his knowledge of, and his sympathy with, the life of the plainsman and the cowboy. That he went back to Grecian myth for an episode which he could use as the vehicle of the art ideas he wished to express does not make the work any the less an outgrowth and expression of that vigorous life of the frontier which has been a potent factor in the evolution of the national character. Mr. Borglum had seen and studied the methods of cowboys in the management of droves of horses, and his wish was to perpetuate the flowing lines, the graceful contours, and the impetuous course of a herd of stampeded bronchos. And that, in conception and expression, is what this group is, notwithstanding its title and its story. In his first attempts to work out the idea he endeavored to give it a local embodiment. But he wanted his group to have dramatic meaning, to tell a story that would not be dwarfed into insignificance by the bigness and artistic value of its vehicle. And that story he found, exactly suited to his need, in the Grecian tale of Hercules and the man-eating mares of the Thracian king. The thing which he represents Hercules as doing with these mares is, in cowboy phrase, "getting them milling." That is, as they pursue him, ravening for his flesh, he is leading them in a circle, a small portion of whose





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"THE BACCHANTE." BY FREDERICK MAC MONNIES  
FROM THE MUSEUM COLLECTION



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"THE SUN VOW." BY H. A. MAC NEIL  
FROM THE MUSEUM COLLECTION



*Property of the  
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"THE FROG FOUNTAIN," BY JANET SCUDDER  
FROM THE MUSEUM COLLECTION



*Property of Metropolitan Museum of Art  
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"THE MARES OF DIOMEDES," BY GUTZON BORGLUM  
FROM THE MUSEUM COLLECTION

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arc is evident in the group. It is the cowboy trick for the tiring out and the subjection of wild or stampeded animals of either cow or horse kind. And, moreover, it gave to the artist a better opportunity of varying the poses of the animals, and of preventing too insistent a continuity of line while still preserving unity of movement. And that superb onward rush! Where is there anything in sculpture that equals its impetuous, resistless sweep, as the group of maddened brutes rises over the hillock and swoops downward like a combing ocean wave! In the construction of the group, that mound plays an even more important part than does the curving line of direction. For it enhances very greatly the impression of swift movement, and makes possible, by its varying levels, a more individualized treatment of the horses, while it also brings them into closer relation and makes the group more compact and more coherent. And seldom in art has there been truer treatment of the horse, in form, structure, and pose, than here. Every one of these animals is anatomically correct. And every outstretched head and distended nostril is instinct with savage desire and malevolent purpose. All in all, the "Mares of Diomedes" must be classed among the great artistic achievements of all time. It is great in technique, great in expression, and great in the ingenuity and the success with which the problems and the difficulties presented by the conception have been met.

THE beautiful "Bacchante" of Frederick MacMonnies can not fail to be a source of pleasure to all who look upon it, because of its airy gracefulness of poise, its beauty of form, its perfect modeling, its expression of physical joy in physical motion and because of the sheer marvel of its technique. How was it possible for the artist to make cold, hard bronze express so clearly both the smooth, firm limbs of the woman and the soft, pudgy flesh of the infant? So perfect is the illusion of the treatment of the child's flesh—it is exactly like the little nude brown things Samoan and Maori women carry upon their arms—that one is tempted to pat the soft surface with a caressing finger, to make it yield in dimpling lines. Very lifelike, too, are the child's attitude and face of eager desire. It seems ready to spring from the imprisoning arm in its wish for the tempting grapes held so tantalizingly out of its reach. I do not know just what conception Mr. MacMonnies wished to express in the face and form of the

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dancing woman. People read different meanings from the figure. But I think it is true of any great work of art, of whatever sort, that the artist puts a great deal more meaning into it than he is himself conscious of when he is engaged upon it. Indeed, it is one of the essential factors of greatness in art that it should be so. At the beginning, perhaps, he has only one little seed of an idea. But in the end that seed has sprouted and grown and flowered, and is heavy with fruit of more kinds than he dreamed of at the start. And each one who studies the composition will find in it something different. Many can even tell the artist, outgrowth of his mind and heart and hands though it is, of suggestions and meanings and interpretations that he did not know were there. It is not a great work of art unless, in some measure, this is true. To me the face of the "Bacchante" has always seemed to say that she is some wildwood thing, some creature of the flesh alone, quite without soul, alive with the joy of physical life, thrilling with the delight of swift and graceful movement. Her title, I take it, is a mere accident, because it fitted as well as any the primary conception of ecstasy in motion. I think the group tells the old and everlasting story of the eager, dancing joy of youth in life. The sight of it is like a sudden burst of sylvan music, setting the nerves a-tingle with the desire to go footing it down some forest glade with this gay sprite of earth.

**A**LTHOUGH the "Bear Tamer" of Paul Wayland Bartlett was made in Paris, where the artist has lived most of the time since his boyhood, and represents a Bohemian and his pets, to the mind of the American it brings the thought of our own vast forest wilds and mountain fastnesses. The master, himself half wild, and his brute companions, half tamed, seem to belong in some remote mountain canyon where some disappointed miner, slipping his hold on civilized life, relapses into semi-savagery and makes friends of the wild beasts. Such can still be found here and there in far-away hiding places, among the crags and canyons of the Sierras and the Rockies, and such might this man be. The "Bear Tamer" is, I believe, the earliest of Mr. Bartlett's important works, and was executed while he was still quite young. But the close study he had already made of animal life and the constant practice he had given himself in its representation have their result in these clumsy, veracious, and entirely



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delightful bear cubs. The man also, with his absorption in his work and his attitude of easy mastery, is a notable figure. The piece, doubtless, is not a great work in either intellectual content or imaginative expression; but it is so accurate and so thoroughly good in its modeling and representation of human and animal form, so expressive inside the limits which the artist set for himself, and of such fine sculptural quality, that it well deserves the important place which it occupies in the Hall of Sculpture at the Metropolitan.

A recent addition to the Museum's collection of American bronzes, to be found in an upper gallery, is a group of Olin L. Warner's Indian heads in relief. They were the fruit of a long trip through the West which Mr. Warner made in the later eighties, and are most interesting, not only for their artistic quality, but also because of their ethnological and historical importance. Near these are a number of reliefs of well-known men, which show his skill in characterization and his mastery of this form of presentment. Especially interesting for its richness of expression is the relief portrait of his parents. Here also are the beautiful nude figure of Diana and a half dozen or more of portrait busts, among them that of Mr. Cottier, notable for its technical beauty, and its skilful interpretation of character. Mr. Warner has been called a "sculptor for sculptors," and surely it would be hard to find among American artists a keener sense of the beauty of line and form, a clearer perception of idea, or greater technical skill in the rendering, always with simplicity and sincerity, of what he wished to express.

**A**MONG the most enthusiastic of our younger men concerning the richness of our country in sculptural motives is Mr. Hermon A. MacNeil. It is his ardent belief that no sculptor need want better subjects for his skill than are to be found in our native Indian life, and he has made several long trips, for purposes of study, to the reservations of the North and West. His two large bronze figures, "Primitive Chant" and "Sun Vow," which stand in one of the upper side galleries of the Museum, are the result of his convictions and his study. The latter won a silver medal at the Paris Exposition of 1900, and a gold medal at the Pan-American. Both show surpassing skill in technique. They are fine in construction, exquisite in modeling, and beautiful in surface treatment. The splendid backs, capacious

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chest, and strong-muscled limbs are fine in every sculptural quality. Most interesting also are the figures in their depiction of that primitive life which we have supplanted and are driving from the continent. These sturdy figures are like echoes from the past of our country, already beginning to seem far away and dim, but which will never lose its appeal to the native American. The "Sun Vow" shows an old Indian seated, and standing beside him an Indian lad shooting an arrow toward the sun. The bent shoulders of the old man and the earnest intentness of his face are in striking contrast with the lithe figure and eager expression of the youth.

Near these Indian pieces is a case of small bronzes, the work of men and women who have only recently come before the public. It is not a large collection, and it does not contain specimens of the product of a number of artists who are doing the same kind of work and equally good. However, it was started very lately. And in the future it is to have bestowed upon it especial care. For it is the belief of the Museum management that these small bronzes show a marked and distinctive tendency in American art, so vital and spontaneous as to merit recognition and encouragement. Near this case is another of modern English bronzes representative of the same sort of diminutive work. Comparison of the two is exceedingly interesting. For, beside the English collection of pretty, graceful, well modeled little figures representing such conventional and meaningless subjects as "Spring," "Innocence," and "Peace," the American work shows more than ever how directly it has sprung from original observation, keen interest in actual life, and a recognition of that bond between art and life that is so close as to make the two terms almost interchangeable.

Most of these small bronzes can be classed under either animal life or domestic life. Among them, however, is Gutzon Borglum's portrait statuette of Ruskin, showing the aged author seated in an armchair, the lower part of his body enfolded in a voluminous robe. It is a work, notwithstanding its small size, of much dignity and impressiveness. Mrs. Bessie Potter Vonnob's figurines of domestic life are always delightful in sentiment and extremely clever in execution. The "Girl Dancing," one of her earlier pieces, has the charm of measured, graceful movement and girlish dignity. "His First Journey" is a tiny nude baby, sprawling upon his stomach as he makes his first unaided journey across the floor. His round, little face looks up with an ex-

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pression of mingled triumph over his achievement, amazement that such a thing is possible, and doubt as to whether or not the marvel will continue. "The Young Mother" holding her infant in her arms is very tender and gracious in its interpretation of mother love. "Enthroned," which won the Shaw Memorial prize in the exhibition for 1904 of the Society of American Artists, has recently been presented to the Museum by George A. Hearn. It is one of the most ambitious as well as one of the best things that Mrs. Vonnoh has done. The tender, loving dignity of the mother, seated in her high backed chair, with an infant in her arms, while two children lean across her knee, is very beautifully expressed.

THE three artists of animal life who are represented here are Miss Anna Vaughn Hyatt, Mr. Eli Harvey, and Mr. Frederick G. R. Roth. Mr. Harvey's very excellent "Maternal Caress," showing a panther fondling her young, was illustrated in a recent number of *THE CRAFTSMAN*. Miss Hyatt's "Tigers Watching," is fine in the sinuous craftiness of pose, and in the construction of body of the two animals that peer over a rock on the lookout for prey. Her "Winter" shows two horses leaning together as if for mutual comfort, their blankets dragging and their attitudes expressive of cold and discomfort—just such a forlorn animal group as every one of us has seen hundreds of times transferred from life into the realm of art. Mr. Roth has seven pieces, showing two bears, a wolfhound, two figures of pigs and two of performing elephants. There is an element of humor in his work—a recognition of that unconscious comedy which animals so often reveal to human eyes—that gives it a distinctly American flavor. His rebellious and squealing pigs make a strong appeal to any one who has ever known much of farm life. His "Polar Bear" has a sturdy impassiveness that seems to suggest the eternal patience born of vast wastes of ice and snow. Mr. Roth's treatment alike of animal character and animal physique shows close study and intimate knowledge of his subjects. In his treatment of the varied surfaces in these animal bodies there is always a sense of texture without overmuch of detail.

The mental attitude with which these artists of small animal bronzes approach their subjects is worth a moment's notice. Barye, perhaps the greatest animal artist in bronze who has ever lived, ex-

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pressed the fierceness, the savage tragedy, of animal life. But our artists look upon it from a very different angle of vision. They see and express its gentler moods, its comedy, its native tendernesses, the milder phases of its pathos. And herein is the expression of some very distinctive features of American character. For these bronzes are meant primarily for house decorations, and we Americans do not like our feelings to be harrowed by frequent sight of the fierce, the savage, the tragic. We prefer an appeal to our sense of humor, to the kindly side of our character, and to those sentiments wherein we are in sympathy with the brute creation.

A very pleasing example of active, joyous motion is to be seen in Janet Scudder's "Frog Fountain," a dancing boy on a pedestal, around which are ranged several frogs. The boy's happy, childish face and beautifully modeled limbs are full of the native gaiety of childhood.

A number of additions to the bronze collection have been decided upon, and are to be installed at once in the Museum. Among these are: "Head of Victory," by Augustus St. Gaudens; "Caestus," by C. H. Niehaus; "On the Borders of White Man's Land" and "Fighting Bulls," by Solon Borglum; "Boy Feeding Turtle," by Mrs. Garrett; "Mowgli," by Miss A. Eberle; "The Fight," by E. W. Deming; "Panther," by Miss A. V. Hyatt, and two groups of "Horse Tamers," by Frederick MacMonnies.

## COMRADESHIP

**O** STRONG and True! Closer than Friend or Lover;  
Giving your strength and truth to supplement my lack!  
Lending your sweetness my bitterness to cover;  
One sure and steady heart in a grim world's wrack!

—*Mary Hamlin Ashman.*



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"THE BEAR TAMER." BY PAUL WAYLAND BARTLETT  
FROM THE MUSEUM COLLECTION



*Property of Metropolitan Museum of Art  
By Permission of Bessie Potter Vonnob*

"THE YOUNG MOTHER," BY BESSIE POTTER VONNOH  
FROM THE MUSEUM COLLECTION





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SMALL ANIMAL BRONZES. BY F. G. R. ROTH  
FROM THE MUSEUM COLLECTION



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"THE CHAPEL IS REMARKABLE FOR ITS NATURAL CHARM"

## BRICK RESTORED TO ITS SOVEREIGNTY AT COLUMBIA—THE NEW CHAPEL OF SAINT PAUL



ANOTHER dome has been added to the new buildings that grace the ridge between the Hudson River and Morningside Park. It is part of the new Chapel of St. Paul at Columbia University. This last addition to the group is on the eastern side of the library, and the two domes can be seen from a great distance, as they shape the skyline.

This new dome is not so high, nor is it so majestic, as that of the library with its noble order and its grave tone. But it is more human, more expressive of modern times, ideas, and ambitions. The one has a certain proud distinction demanding notice, the other a subtle charm winning affection. The library shows the influence of the classic spirit that raised the Pantheon; the chapel portrays the love of the beautiful in the cultivated minds of to-day. It is cosmopolitan in spirit, having the distinguishing marks of Byzantine energy in the dome, while yet it suggests the northern section of Italy. It is also Gothic in its structural honesty and in its cruciform plan, and it is modern American in its engineering boldness and its skill.

This chapel is remarkable for its natural charm. Unlike the library with its stone, cold, gray, from a Western quarry, the chapel is built of common, every-day red brick from across the river. The prominence ordinarily given to stone as a means of expression has forced brick to a secondary place, and I have often wished it could be endowed with life enough to call out for more sunshine, or for a speedy removal of the masquerade dress of stone, slate, marble, or plaster with which its honest face is too frequently disfigured, to qualify it, so it is said, for a decent place in the buildings of to-day. Brick supports the real weight of modern buildings; our bridges and skyscrapers are mainly brick, with a facing of something else, and now there seems to be hope that in time we will be honest enough to leave off the facing, and let this sturdy material show its value in beauty as well as in strength. In St. Paul's Chapel, the wholesome quality of repose, the singular absence of affectation and of false enrichment, and the masterful handling of plain, honest brick, wins the admiration of every visitor. A restful and satisfying spirit resides here. With all its majesty, its great dome lit by

## NEW COLUMBIA COLLEGE CHAPEL

many windows, its vaulted apse and transepts, its stained glass, inlaid stalls and mosaic floor, it is quiet and soothing. Perhaps it is the scale of the place, perhaps it is the breath of Mother Earth, which seems to confront us as we enter, and to remain with us for a time, or perhaps it is just the straightforward simplicity shown in its plan and construction. At the western end, cutting deeply into the stone lintel, is the significant text, "And Ye Shall Know The Truth, And The Truth Shall Make You Free." Not alone does it enrich the door-head, it forms the motif of the whole beautiful building.

Is this sense of satisfaction a lesson in manners as well as in architecture? an appeal to the heart as well as to the head? See how contagious frankness has become. As we look around we note that the pipes of the organ are not gilded. The clear white light of the metal shines as we look at them, repeating the brilliant dashes of sunlight and momentarily lighting the frame in which they are installed. The paint pot has been left outside to keep company with the trowel of the plasterer, which is not needed here. Look at the ingenious interlacing of the Guastavino tile; at the naive arrangement by which, at set intervals, bands are formed, increasing the apparent height of the main dome. Note the connecting color between the buff brick of the main wall, the deep purple shadows that force the sharp outline of the small upper arcade and the red of the tile. Note again the interlacing of the surfaces of the pendentives, the quarter domes and the vaults to the transepts; the bonding of this brick and tile, with its lace work of lime-mortar joints, its varying texture as the tiny channels on the surface show the direction in which the machine moved—all this has a rhythm which forms a language of its own. It is just this conscientious type of expression which is so valuable a quality to-day. True, these bricks are rich with mottlings of iron, but the tiles are of the commonest description, red in color, hard in texture, they fascinate by their very candor. There is in the church some introduction of marble in the frieze to the main cornice and the geometric forms in the mosaic of the floor. They are welcome color notes as changes of textures, as decorative elements of the building, as are the movable benches and the stained glass of the window openings. In no sense do they disguise or belittle the brick. Primarily it is a brick church—an epic in clay. Even to-day it resembles the work of the master craftsman. What will it be in a few years, when the mellowing of brick and tile tones the joints and reveals all its individuality?



*Photographed by W. J. Wilson*

"THE CHAPEL IS BUILT OF COMMON  
EVERY-DAY BRICK FROM ACROSS THE RIVER"



*Copyright, 1906, by The American Architect*

"THE MASTERFUL HANDLING OF PLAIN,  
HONEST BRICK WINS THE ADMIRATION"



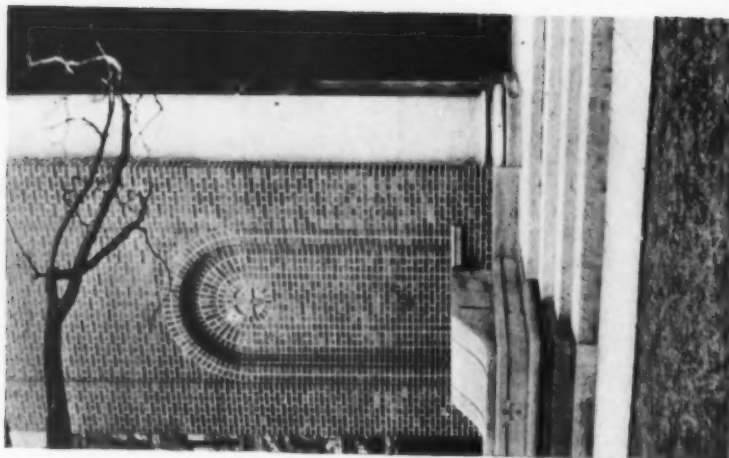


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"BRICK SHOWS ITS VALUE IN  
BEAUTY AS WELL AS STRENGTH"



A PATHWAY LEADING TO THE  
NEW CHAPEL AT COLUMBIA



DETAIL OF ENTRANCE OF ST. PAUL'S  
CHAPEL, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

## HOMELESS ENGLAND: SIGNIFICANCE OF THE HOUSING PROBLEM IN RELATION TO THE PROSPERITY OR DEGRADATION OF A NATION: BY MARY RANKIN CRANSTON



VERY social problem, whether it be intemperance, crime, the street child, marriage and divorce, public education, civic improvement, municipal government, even religion, all that makes for or tends to destroy public and private morality and right living, if followed to a logical conclusion, leads straight to the home. Hence a nation's ultimate preservation, or destruction, is intimately connected with the housing question, making it the social subject of paramount importance.

As a rule, the income of the average well-to-do family is sufficient for its needs and a respectable surplus. It is upon the wage-earning class, the class which forms the backbone of every country, that the evils of bad housing fall most heavily, for the masses must live near their work, which nowadays is in factories, or for large corporations and firms doing business in cities.

House building has not kept pace with the growth of municipalities anywhere, and so to-day the large cities the world over are confronted with a serious situation resulting from the lack of housing accommodations for the people. Nowhere is this distress more acute than in England, not only in the cities, but in small towns and villages, and even in the country. In all England there are not enough houses to accommodate the population either urban or rural.

England is a small country; much of the land is entailed and can not be sold, while the little which may be bought is so valuable that few can afford to purchase even a tiny piece of it. The land owners, representing but a small proportion of the population, may be divided into two classes, the proprietors of large interests and the small owners. The enormous estates of the very wealthy make unnecessary any provision for their increase; consequently, instead of building houses for rent, acres upon acres are laid out as private grounds, or kept as game preserves. The Duke of Westminster owns such vast estates that he has been prohibited by law from buying more land in England. The Duke of Bedford is buying so much that, unless his purchasing power is curtailed, he will, before long, own the entire

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county of Middlesex, a large portion of which lies within the metropolitan city of London. In the country, such men provide homes for their farm laborers only, feeling absolutely no responsibility for other families who live on or near their estates. In London, where land is too valuable to lie idle even though owned by such a Croesus, entire blocks of barrack-like buildings are erected, and let at high rentals far beyond the wage-earner's purse. Moreover, tenants are required to keep up repairs; and the exteriors must be repainted every year, the interiors every two years, all at the tenant's expense.

The small land owner is usually a country gentleman who lives up to the British characteristic of holding on, like grim death, to whatever is once acquired; as a rule, he has not the capital with which to build, and he is loath to sell off enough land to get the ready money which he needs to develop the balance of his property. There is, however, something to be said for the small owner. The wages of farm laborers who form the tenant class in the country are too low to tempt property owners to go to the expense of cottage building, since the small rentals would not enable owners to realize enough profit on the investment.

Therefore, in the country, new houses are rarely built, the people occupying old ones until they literally tumble about their heads. Then they either crowd in with neighbors, or go to the city in the hope of finding work and shelter, which is but jumping from Scylla into Charybdis.

Whenever a new cottage is built there are numberless applicants for it. For six, recently built in a certain county, there were forty applications long before they were finished.

**T**HERE are hundreds of cottages throughout England, condemned by the local authorities as unsafe and unfit for human habitation, whose tenants can not be compelled to move, for the very good reason that there is no other place for them to go. Dickens's story of Little Jo is as true now as the day it was written: homeless England has no choice but to "move on," meaning, too often, nights spent under the stars upon park benches, or in the fearful charity lodging houses.

England's housing problem is no new thing. It dates back to the time of Queen Elizabeth. During her reign the authorities became so alarmed at the increase of London's population that a law was passed

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forbidding further house building in what was then the city, hoping in this way to check its growth. Times changed and so did the laws, some being repealed, others becoming dead letters, and the migration from country to city kept steadily onward without further thought until less than one hundred years ago. About the year 1830, the first systematic inquiry was made concerning the homes of the working classes in London. From that time on until 1845 many important investigations were made, revealing conditions truly appalling. Dr. Southworth, one of the investigators, states in his report that the homes of the people were in dark and winding streets, too narrow to afford ventilation, in dilapidated houses "crowded thickly upon refuse saturated land." A considerable portion of Bethnal Green was a swamp, whole streets being under water in rainy weather. He found in one small room six persons ill with typhus fever; in the same locality, having a population of 77,000, there were, in one year, 14,000 cases of fever, almost 13,000 of them fatal.

When such facts were made public, Lord Ashley, afterward Lord Shaftesbury, whose name is indissolubly connected with every worthy effort for social reform, entered heart and soul into the agitation for improved housing. In 1851 he introduced the first housing bill into Parliament, later on another, both of them becoming laws. Lord Shaftesbury had the unique pleasure of guiding these two bills through both Houses of Parliament, first in the House of Commons, as Lord Ashley, later as Lord Shaftesbury, in the House of Lords.

At this time municipal housing was not definitely contemplated, it being thought that all would be well if the cupidity of landlords could be checked and proper sanitation required by law. Many improvements were made and a number of companies formed for the purpose of erecting improved tenements, among them the well-known Artisans', Labourers', and General Dwellings Company, the East End Dwellings Company, and the Peabody Trust and Guinness Trust.

With the development of the factory system, however, the urban population increased so rapidly that private companies could not cope with it, and it has been found necessary for municipalities to supply the great deficiency, while of late years local county councils have gone into the real estate business upon a gigantic scale.

Since 1866 housing has received its share of legislative attention and many acts have been passed by Parliament, their more important



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provisions being the power bestowed upon local authorities giving them the right to condemn, purchase, and destroy houses unfit for human habitation, and to rebuild upon the same site, making every reasonable effort to rehouse the dispossessed so far as possible.

Houses may be condemned as unhealthy if the streets are too narrow, the buildings overcrowded or too close together. County councils may purchase such property outright, paying for it at the rate of its normal value, with no allowance for the higher rental value because of overcrowding, or the fact that the sale is compulsory. It is argued that a reputable landlord will not rent such premises; ownership of them implies disregard for human life and decency and, therefore, the landlord is undeserving of consideration; in other words, that the public weal is more important than the private interests of the individual. Legislation also regulates the height of buildings, thickness of walls, amount of air space, and requires the provision of proper sanitary conveniences.

**M**UNICIPAL family dwellings consist of four types—block dwellings, tenements, cottage flats, and cottages. Block dwellings are from four to five stories high, and provide for a number of families in each house, entrance hall and conveniences to be used in common. While they bring together a great many persons under one roof, they permit of much architectural diversity, inside and out. They are always erected in groups, and, by the judicious placing of each house, as a whole they bear a harmonious relation to one another. The application of civic improvement ideas, setting out trees, planting flower beds, putting down good sidewalks and pavements, have given to certain properties a park-like appearance similar to high class residential sections. Average rentals in block houses are from two to three shillings (fifty to seventy-five cents) a week for a room.

Tenements are from two to three stories high, arranged in rows, each attached house, with separate entrance, containing from four to six families who use halls and conveniences in common. These differ from block dwellings in height and construction of main walls, interior arrangement, and are intermediate between houses of this type and cottage flats.

Cottage flats are only two stories high and are intended for still





COTTAGES JOHN BURNS HELPED TO  
BUILD FOR LONDON WORKING PEOPLE

PAVED COURT PLAYGROUND FOR  
LIVERPOOL IMPROVED TENEMENT



BLOCK DWELLINGS OF BOUN-  
DARY STREET AREA, LONDON  
WORKSHOPS CONNECTED WITH  
IMPROVED TENEMENTS, LONDON

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fewer families in each house. The cottages, usually built in the suburbs, have small garden plots and vary in size and plan. Single families are meant to occupy them at higher rates than houses of the other types.

Taking London first, because greater congestion there has necessitated a program more elaborate than in other cities, the County Council has, during the past few years, done a tremendous work for housing reform; by confining its activities chiefly to slum districts, it has transformed most disreputable localities, formerly the abiding places of criminals and prostitutes, into respectable, attractive neighborhoods.

A creditable instance of this kind is the Millbank Estate, a group of block dwellings on the site of the old Millbank prison, within a stone's throw of the Houses of Parliament.

Years ago this locality was infested with thieves and footpads, whose depredations were so bold that, as late as the eighteenth century, the Vestry of St. John, Westminster, found it necessary to employ a Sunday watchman, at five shillings a week, to pilot church-goers to and from service. To-day this former plague spot is covered with well-built houses, accommodating four thousand four hundred and thirty respectable persons.

The Boundary Street Estate, in the East End, consists of twenty blocks of houses giving decent accommodations for reasonable rentals. John Burns, who lives in Battersea, has done much to secure better houses for his borough, with notable success since he has been a member of the London County Council. Many of the Battersea houses are of the cottage type, and it is safe to say they surpass all others in point of modern improvements, reasonable rents, and general attractiveness.

Wherever situated, the London municipal houses have plenty of light and air, wide paved courts for children to play in, and connected with some of them there are workshops adjoining for the convenience of tenants who wish to engage in small industries such as upholstery, regilding and making picture frames, carpentry, shoemaking, etc.

Other improved areas correspond to the types mentioned, plans and cost of construction varying according to local needs. Altogether, the London County Council has undertaken thirty-four housing enterprises, twelve of them alone comprising three hundred and fifty

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acres, the houses costing seventeen million dollars, and accommodating seventy thousand five hundred and twenty-two persons.

**N**OTWITHSTANDING London's great achievements much yet remains to be done, for it is unfortunately true that the city has failed to accomplish what it set out to do, so far as rehousing the dispossessed is concerned. A very small percentage of former occupants live in the new houses; instead, they are occupied by a better class. Few of the workshops are rented to tenants; none of them are vacant, but the workers live in cheaper houses.

There are two reasons for the failure. In the first place, when old buildings are demolished, lack of house room forces tenants to crowd in with dwellers in other unsanitary quarters that fringe the improved area; that is, all who can find a spot there. Of the remainder, some become tramps, some emigrate, some end the struggle for existence by jumping into the river; entire families have been known to apply for admission to the workhouse because no other shelter was open to them; nobody knows what does become of them all. From the housing standpoint, they are scattered beyond recall. The second reason is, that the new houses rent for a trifle more, and are eagerly taken by those who are able and glad to pay the difference for the modern improvements.

Even though the municipal houses have failed of their purpose in a measure, they are nevertheless a step forward since they do relieve congestion among the working class, and, to a certain extent, among the poor. If nothing more had been accomplished, it is unquestionably a good thing to let in the light in criminal infested, degraded areas.

Liverpool is doing more to solve the housing problem than any other English city, because greater regard is paid to rehousing the dispossessed. New buildings, sufficiently commodious to house those who must vacate condemned property, are made ready for occupancy before tenants are notified to move out. More than eight thousand houses have been destroyed and rebuilt by the city; in one group of one hundred and forty-five buildings, seventy-one per cent. of the old tenants are rehoused.

Wherever possible, the courts in the rear of the Liverpool houses are made into playgrounds for children. In narrow streets, one sidewalk is made double the usual width to give children a place to play; blind alleys are sometimes entirely paved for the same purpose, and

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the park department, by placing growing shrubs in large boxes along these streets, relieves the dreary monotony which seems inevitable in the surroundings of the poor.

Birmingham, Manchester, and other cities are equally as active in housing reform, because the need for it is equally as great.

The brightest ray of light in England's housing problem is the present tendency to induce people to go into the suburbs by building the most attractive houses beyond the area of greatest congestion and increasing rapid transit facilities. Already there are workmen's trains in the early morning and late afternoon, when the fare is reduced one-half, and the future will see greater developments in this direction.

Cities have come to stay, and there remains to be done only one of two things—either to build them from the start, or to remodel those already in existence with reference to future growth and according to sanitary, scientific plans, as the Garden City is now being made twenty-five miles from London; or to form Garden Suburbs according to the plan of Mrs. Barnett of Toynbee Hall.

A modification of Mrs. Barnett's idea is embodied in the Co-partnership Housing Tenants' Council, an association which buys land and builds houses on the co-operative plan. Shares in the company are sold to prospective tenants, each share representing the right to a house as long as the holder wants it and pays his rent; he practically owns his home. Rents are fixed by votes of members of the association, so there is no danger that they will be arbitrarily raised.

Agitation, past and present, has dispelled ignorance about housing conditions and English people are now fully aroused to the importance of better homes for the masses. Long ago social students saw the moral, intellectual, and physical deterioration undermining the working class because of the way they must live. Much was written, much was said about it in public meetings and in the daily press, but the written and spoken words fell upon deaf ears in high places. The thing which made England wake up was the startling fact that, during the South African war, sixty per cent. of the men desiring to enlist in the army were rejected because physically unfit. It was then seen and acknowledged that overcrowded homes for the people are a distinct menace to national prosperity, and that, if England hopes to hold her high prestige, she must put an end to bad housing conditions.



## LEATHER DECORATION—ESKIMO AND MEX- ICAN: BY M. C. FREDERICK



THESE two widely differing methods of expressing the esthetic sense through the same medium, one represents the primitive thought of a primitive people under conditions so restricted as to barely support life; the other is the product of a race descended from the union of two of the, at that time, proudest peoples of the old world and the new—the Aztec and the Spaniard.

Believed by many to be of the same original stock as the Eskimo, the Aztec, in the bounteous environment of the Southland, far outstripped his hampered brother of the North, and by his innate ability and industry, achieved such results as filled with astonishment and admiration his European conqueror. Yet, considering his opportunities, who shall say that the Eskimo has not made as brave an effort, even if he has little more than his mere existence to show for it?

The examples of Eskimo leather work here illustrated are from St. Lawrence Island, perhaps one of the least known of the United States possessions.

It is a desolate spot, doubtless of volcanic origin, situated in the Behring Sea, but forty miles from Siberia. Consisting of bleak, wind-swept hills and frozen marshes, its only vegetation is tundra grass and lichens, and a few creeping willows. In winter the ice hummocks pile about the island, twenty or thirty feet high, the entire sea being a mass of ice.

Yet, forbidding as it is, this lonely place is the home of three hundred souls, who love it as all native races love and cling to the land that gave them birth.

The seals, whales, and walrus, their chief means of support, afford but a precarious subsistence and famine has often in the past reduced them to the necessity of cooking and eating their walrus-skin tents, and other articles of leather, even to their dog harness and whips; and but for the protection and assistance of the government they must have miserably perished ere this. But thanks to the missionary and the reindeer, their existence has become more tolerable.

With remarkable ingenuity these Eskimos have adapted themselves to their hard conditions, and in the absence of other material, boats, clothing, habitations, and many essentials are made almost wholly from the skins of fishes, beasts, and birds.





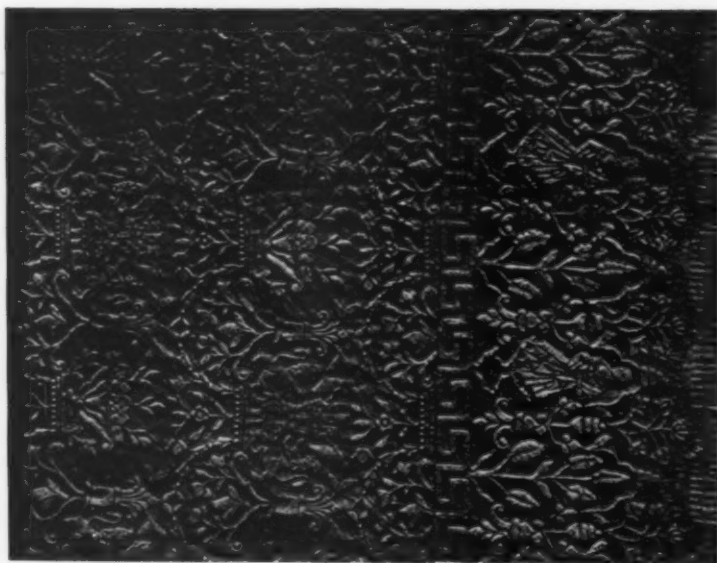
*Photographs by M. C. Fredericks*

ESKIMO HANDBALL OF DECORATED LEATHER

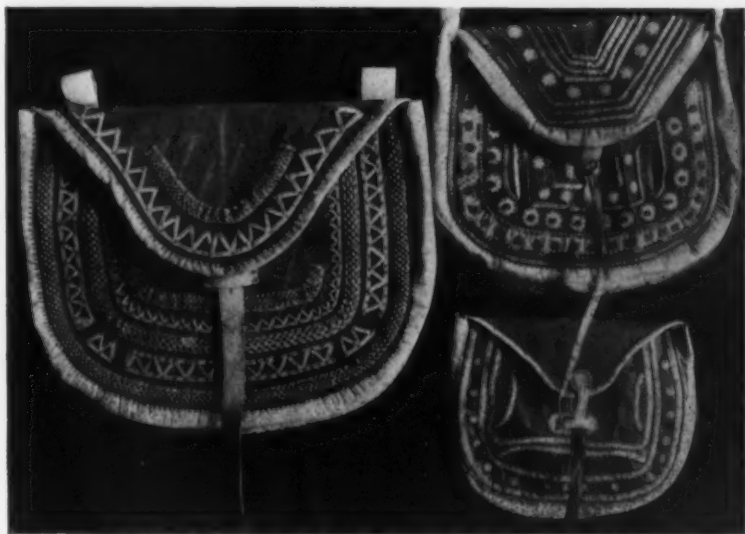
ESKIMO PACKING BAG OF PRESSED  
AND APPLIQUED LEATHER



*Photographs by M. C. Frederick*



TWO EXAMPLES OF OLD MEXICAN CARVED LEATHER  
RESEMBLING THE FAMOUS CORDOYANS OF SPAIN



*Photographs by M. C. Frederick*

FILIPINO SHOES OF CARVED LEATHER

BAGS OF ESKIMO APPLIQUE LEATHER



*Photographs by M. C. Frederick*

CARDCASE OF MODERN MEXICAN STAMPED LEATHER  
A RARE BIT OF VERY OLD CARVED MEXICAN LEATHER

## DECORATIVE USE OF LEATHER

The women are expert with the needle, and are fond of making small articles of leather, displaying considerable taste in their decoration. Leather is made white by freezing, reddish-brown by staining with clay, and the nearly-black, used for the foundation, is sealskin with the hair shaved off. Applique is cut from the lighter leather, and stitched on with needles of ivory or bone, and threads of sinew, the stitches forming part of the ornamentation.

A favorite pattern is bright colored threads woven through slits in a strip of leather before it is sewed on; or the weaving may be done kindergarten fashion, of the white and brown. From dearth of designs they copy all sorts of incongruous articles in decorated leather—cups, spoons, etc., introduced by the white man, and even a leather "coffee pot," profusely ornamented, was made for a gift to a distant friend of the missionary.

The work is done mostly through the long cheerless winter, in their windowless houses, by the dim light of their smoking lamps—large shallow dishes of earthenware, bone, or soapstone, filled with whale or seal oil, which are lamp and stove in one, and, together with the lack of ventilation and indescribably offensive odors, render the air stifling in the extreme. Vision suffers seriously and blindness is common, the cold winds and glare on the ice and snow when the Eskimo is obliged to venture out of doors, sharing with the smoke and darkness within, in the destruction of eyesight.

**I**N MARKED contrast with the Eskimo work is that of the Mexican, whose stamped leather is so beautiful and elaborate that it is prized by the most cultivated. Of its origin, writers tell us that it was probably introduced into Spain at the time of the Moorish invasion in the eighth century, and by the Spaniards brought to Mexico; but the Californians and Mexicans insist that it is purely Mexican. Literature on the subject is exceedingly meager.

The sculptures and paintings of Thebes show that the Egyptians embossed and colored leather used for covering shields, harps, etc., nobody knows how many thousand years before the Christian era. A twelfth century writer of Tunis speaks of the already famous leather of Ghadames, a town in the Sahara. *Guadamacil* was the very suggestive Spanish name for the Cordovan leather (famous during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, when its manufacture

## DECORATIVE USE OF LEATHER

was the chief industry of Spain), indicating its derivation from the Sahara and seemingly establishing the Arabian origin of the Spanish product. Jehan de Garlande, author of a Latin dictionary composed in 1080, mentions Cordovans as first manufactured at Cordova in the eleventh century. European workmen also found models for dyeing, stamping and gilding leather in specimens of Oriental bookbinding brought home by the Crusaders.

It is reasoned that as the Mexican stamping was first used exclusively on the rider's equipment—leggings and parts of saddles, and horses were unknown in that country until introduced by the *Conquistadores*—that therefore the art of stamping must have been brought at the same time. Moreover, the old Spanish chroniclers described the wonderful work of the Aztecs in gold and silver, in sculpture and engraving, in clay modeling, and the marvelous feather pictures in which with seemingly infinite patience the colors are produced by the overlaying of individual feathers from the gay plumage of birds—even those of the humming bird being frequently used; but there is no mention of leather work. This seems conclusive, particularly as it is stated that large quantities of Cordovans were exported to the Spanish-American colonies.

A detailed account of the method of producing Cordovan shows that it was entirely different from the art leather of Mexico, nor is the latter seen in Spain. That the Filipinos do a similar work, though less finished than the Mexican, would suggest the Spanish introduction in both countries; but as Spanish vessels in former times were almost constantly passing from Mexico to the Philippines, it could have reached them as easily from Mexico. A member of an American firm, dealing in stamped leather in the City of Mexico, has not in a quarter of a century seen anything in the antiques of Mexico to indicate that Cortez, or his followers, brought with them anything in stamped (or carved) leather, and believes it to be distinctively Mexican. But since it has existed only since the Conquest, the inference is that some ornamentation, perhaps on knife or dagger sheath, belonging to a Spaniard, suggested an idea in the mind of the versatile and artistic Aztec that materialized, not into an imitation, but something possessing the merit of originality.

His only available leather was *gamuza* or *venado*, a kind of chamois or deerskin, and sufficed until the advent of American leather, when, be-



## DECORATIVE USE OF LEATHER

cause of its limitations, the former became obsolete, together with the style of workmanship. Because of the simplicity of its execution, consisting merely in leaving the pattern in relief, by stamping down the background with a few of the simplest tools, it is not now esteemed by Mexican leather workers except as rare old relics of the days before the *Americano* came and turned things upside down. Yet the elaborate and intricate designs are admirably adapted to the beautiful soft *gamuza*; and the brocaded velvet-like result, together with the warm dark-brown color that only age can give, is exceedingly rich and effective. Its delicate beauty should justify its revival.

Embroidery, worked solid in vari-colored silks and silver, gold and bronze threads, always associated with the stamping and done by the same artisans, is also obsolete.

**F**IFTY years ago the work—omitting the embroidery—took root in California, when an American saddler opened a shop in Santa Barbara, and secured an artisan from Mexico to ornament his saddles and bridles, which quickly gained favor among the Americans. However, it was not until the visit of Princess Louise, in 1883, and at her suggestion, that any one thought of applying Mexican stamping to the great variety of articles on which it is now seen, and their beauty at once made it exceedingly popular—an unfortunate thing for *vaqueta labrada*. Many attempted to learn it, merely as the fancy of the passing moment, and commercialism flooded the country with crude makeshifts of little or no value, with which the best work had to compete. Distinctive Mexican designs as well as workmanship lost their characteristics in the craze for "something new," and it is said that it is now even made with dies, though the writer has never seen this method employed. Naturally the work fell into disrepute, and to-day really fine specimens must be sought or made to order. Good workmen, too, are rare.

The best quality of russet leather is used, cowhide or saddle skirting for the heavy work, calfskin for the lighter. The before mentioned American firm in the City of Mexico, the first in the Mexican republic to apply the work to miscellaneous articles—fifteen years ago—is seeking to bring the art to the highest perfection and is using genuine Russia leather for its best work. Other designs as well as Mexican are used, a specialty being made of Roman scroll and dragon pattern.

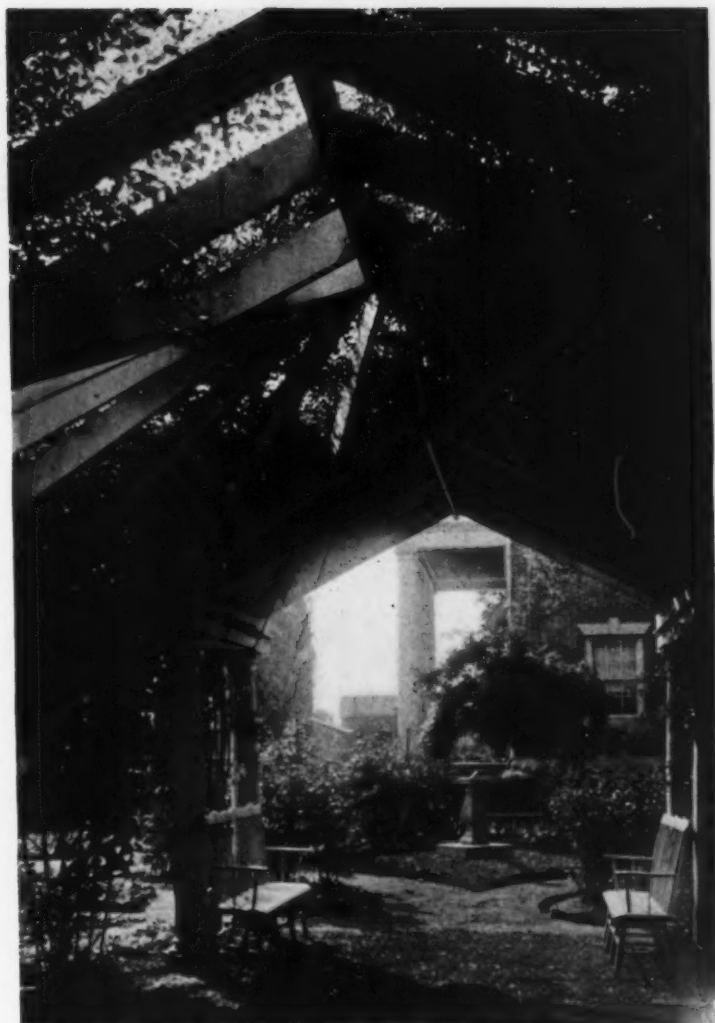
## DECORATIVE USE OF LEATHER

What they consider their finest and most delicate piece of work is the "Aztec calendar stone" carved on leather. (The terms "stamped" and "carved," as applied to Mexican art leather, are used interchangeably.)

The equipment of the workman is very simple: a small marble slab on which to work; a spoke from a wagon wheel for a mallet; a knife to make incisions (though no part is cut away), and a handful of small punches, which, perhaps, he himself has made from nails or short lengths of slender metal rod. With a blunt tool he deftly marks his scrolls and other lines on the surface of the dampened leather; with the knife he goes over such of these lines as he desires, scoring them to shallow depth; then like the click of the typewriter the mallet falls on the rapidly moving little punch, changed from time to time as the shaping and molding of leaf and flower proceed. The finished design is not "flat-work" as on the *gamuza*, but stands out in such gradations of relief as to have the effect of wood carving, with a polish over the entire surface.

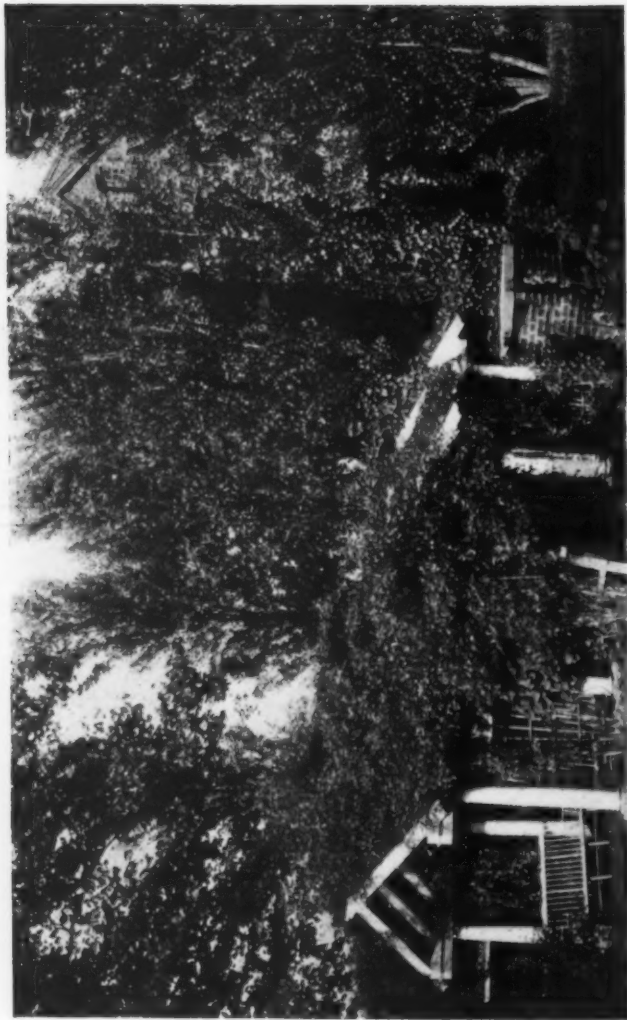
When only Mexicans did the work there were but few motifs, which seemed never to have additions or alterations, and which were common to all. The decoration (of American leather) consisted usually in the repetition of a few conventionalized forms of flowers and leaves arranged in irregular scrolls. The passion flower was a favorite subject. Employing no set pattern the worker "out of his head," to use his own expression, adjusted the details to suit the contour of the piece to be ornamented. It was all freehand work. Its elaborate elegance, while Oriental in character, was marked by the Mexican's love of graceful, flowing lines, rather than the Moorish love for intricate geometrical patterns. The effect was often enhanced by marginal bands or flowing scroll borders, and, perhaps, completed with further decorations of ornamented silver.

In the maze of "advanced ideas" these lovely old patterns have somehow gotten mixed up with all sorts of nondescript combinations suggestive of nothing in particular, and appealing to nobody; so that, unless there is a renaissance, the time is not so very far distant when we shall be treasuring our pieces of fine Mexican work as the old Californians treasure their *gamuza*, and as the antique Indian baskets are treasured because of their superiority to those of to-day.



*Some Suggestions for Gardeners*

ROOF OF A VINE-COVERED PERGOLA  
IN AN OLD AMERICAN GARDEN



*Some Suggestions for Gardeners*

SHOWING HOW A PERGOLA CAN BE MADE AN  
ESSENTIAL PART OF COMFORTABLE OUTDOOR LIFE



*Some Suggestions for Gardeners*

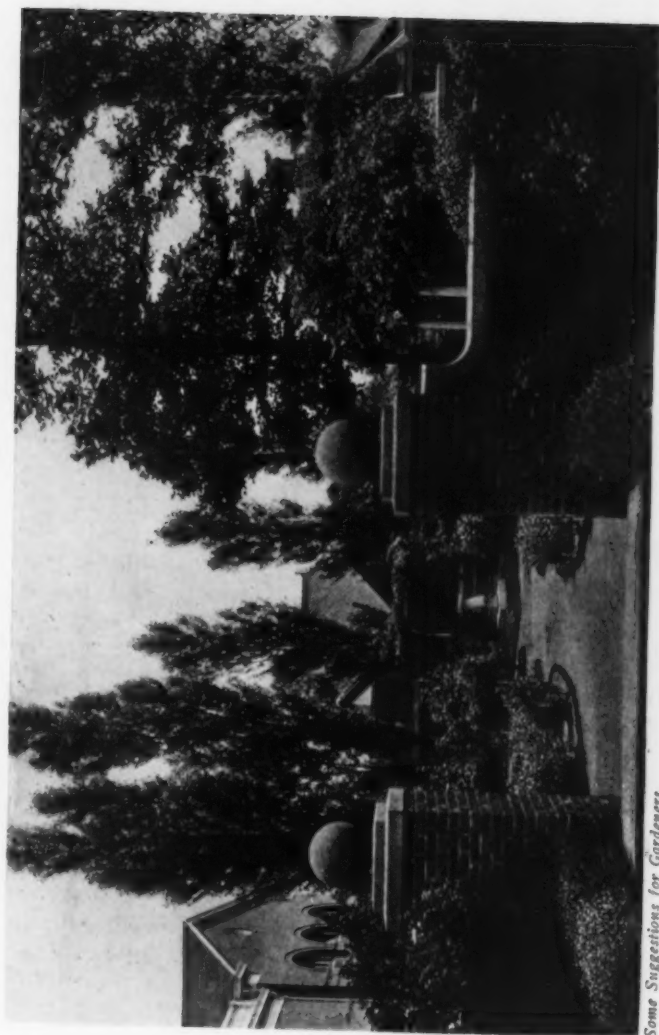
A LESSON IN THE USE OF VINES TO CONNECT  
A PERGOLA WITH THE TREES AND THE EARTH



*Some Suggestions for Gardeners*

PERGOLA IN AN AMERICAN GARDEN WITH A  
ROOF OF ROSE VINES—A FRAGRANT CEILING





*Some Suggestions for Gardeners*

INEXPENSIVE BUT DIGNIFIED ENTRANCE  
TO AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN



*Some Suggestions for Gardeners*

AN ARBOR SEAT. THE BEAUTY AND COMFORT ENTIRELY FURNISHED BY LUXURIANT CHEAP VINES

## EDUCATION AND THE LARGER LIFE: AN EPOCH-MAKING BOOK BY C. HANFORD HENDERSON THAT POINTS OUT A LINE OF SANE AND VIGOROUS GROWTH FOR THE INDIVIDUAL AND FOR SOCIETY



SHORT time ago there came to the table of *THE CRAFTSMAN* a remarkable book—a book that has borne close and careful reading and re-reading and that has stood the test of much discussion. It is already known to the few, but it is one of the few books published which it seems imperatively necessary to make known to the many, that its sound and sunny philosophy of life may be disseminated as widely as possible. It is entitled “Education and the Larger Life,” and it was written by C. Hanford Henderson, a man whose daily life and work is, according to all accounts, a practical application of his theory of best serving the social purpose by the development of a rich humanity.

The first part of the book is devoted to the explanation of Mr. Henderson's theory as to how education can be so applied in America as best to further the progress of civilization; the latter part to a detailed and practical exposition of the best way of carrying this theory into practice. Throughout the whole inquiry he deals with causes rather than with effects, regarding civilization as a force, a progressive idea expressing itself as a social environment, and education as an inner experience, a practical process for the nutrition and growth of the civilization idea, rather than as the mere acquisition of knowledge. Regarding experience as the only road to truth, and the inherent consistency of all experience as the foundation of our present civilization, Mr. Henderson places special emphasis upon the necessity of constantly enlarging experience in the conduct of the individual and social life; of recognizing the common element in human events; of gathering these elements into a distinct philosophy, with a care that the philosophy flowers into performance. Education, he declares, rests upon this principle of the uniformity of experience, and is a definite process, quite as definite as the other sciences of experience—not a jumble of different methods of school-keeping as advocated by rival masters, but a rigid application of the principle of cause and effect. He says:

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"Looked at in this way, the problem requires that we shall first gather our knowledge of life into a distinct philosophic idea, an idea which sums up the most general and abstract of human truth; that we shall then express this idea in the concrete, specific terms of a social purpose, and finally that education proper shall be regarded as a practical process for the carrying out of the social purpose. As a process, education is to be judged by its efficiency and may be criticized on no other ground. Neither may its failures be lightly palliated. The educational process does or does not produce men and women of the desired social type, and this is a matter of very unimpassioned fact. To be an educator is not, then, to be a man merely conversant with the customs and conventionalities of the schoolroom. It is to be a man with a defensible social creed. To be a practical educator, a teacher, is to add to this the power to carry such a social creed into effect. Unless we are courageous enough and skilful enough to work back to this firm ground, the philosophic idea, we can have no assured position on any question of human import, and surely nothing to say about education that will be at all worth saying."

ONE chapter is devoted to the working out of Mr. Henderson's idea of the social purpose. He introduces it by saying that: "Human experience generalized is in reality what one means by the philosophic idea. It is the aim of the present chapter to translate this idea into the exact vocabulary of a social purpose. It can best be accomplished by developing each element of the philosophic idea into its own special contribution to the programme of daily life. The inquiry is purely practical." Then comes the definition of what he means by a belief in the unity of man, and this is made very clear, for upon this belief is based the whole educational theory which he advocates. He sums it up in this wise:

"Consciousness is the one reality, the medium in which the world-play is carried out. Human experience is the universe, and the events of life are essentially the changing states of human consciousness. It is quite as impossible for the idealist as for the materialist to bisect human experience, and call one part matter and the other part mind, and to think of them as separable and independent realities. The whole experience of the moment is the reality, and must be accepted in its entirety. Such an experience, when viewed at short range, shows

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neither matter nor spirit, nor any other antithesis. It shows the even flow of a unit consciousness.

"It is impossible, then, to have evil experience with the body and to have health in the mind, or evil experience with the mind and keep the body in health. . . . One may not have undeveloped organs and deficient senses and faulty circulation and stunted brain centers, and still be the source of a radiant, complete life. Our own experience of life makes impossible the view that man's bodily and mental and spiritual powers are simply the members of a triple alliance which in times of exceptional good-will may work together for a common purpose, but at other times may secretly plot and plan against one another and against the common good. It makes necessary the view that man must be considered as a whole, that his well-being means the well-being of his body, the well-being of his mind, the well-being of his spirit. This, very briefly, is what we mean by the unity of man, and this is precisely what we experience in life; not bodies, not mind, not souls, but men, whole or partial as the case may be, but nevertheless men. It is what we experience in our immediate, contemporary life, and it is what we find recorded in history. The partition of man into dual or triple parts is merely verbal. The reality is the unit man. This is a matter to be strongly emphasized, this unity of man, for it is the very heart of the philosophic idea. Furthermore, the attempt to translate this doctrine into a practical social programme leads to very far-reaching and radical results. It does this, because when combined with the belief that the world process is esthetic, it sets up a totally new standard, and one that is altogether inexorable and imperative."

LATER, in developing his argument, Mr. Henderson says: "The one abiding impulse of the human spirit is toward perfection, and the study and pursuit of perfection is culture. It may seem a hard saying in the face of what the human spirit has done, in the face of its architecture, of its mills and shops and houses, in the face of its competitions and institutions, most of all in the face of its men and women and children—that is to say, of present society, of the human spirit in its aggregate expression. It may seem a hard saying that all this rawness and hideousness has for its abiding impulse the study and pursuit of perfection. But it is a true saying. The failure is due to a failure to see in what perfection consists. It is due to a



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false point of view. The man who chooses to go to the devil does so because he fancies that the devil has more substantial good to offer him than has his own misshapen conception of deity. This is the story of temptation everywhere. . . . It is impossible to deliberately choose a smaller good in preference to a larger good, for choice means the selection of the thing most to be desired. One may mistake the values. One may choose as the greater good what is really the smaller good, but one may not do so consciously. The glory of the imperfect, about which one hears so much, must not be misunderstood. The glorious thing in the imperfect is just its measure of perfection, either actual or potential, and nothing more. The glory that redeems every life, however mean and squalid, is the glory of the perfect, and this is what the veriest drunkards and harlots are seeking. In moments of clearer vision, moments of remorse, the standards become purified and rationalized, and the soul accuses itself of having followed a false light, of knowingly, deliberately choosing the smaller good. And this confusion in the time element—for such it is—this shifting of the point of view of one moment to the action of a totally different moment has given us the unpsychological doctrine of deliberate sin, and all the hopelessness and impossibility of the doctrines which group themselves around it. But passing back from the moment of reflection and remorse to the moment of action, one can not help seeing how utterly inadequate is such an explanation. There is deliberate, conscious choice, but from the very nature of our mental processes it must be the choice of that which seems to us at the moment the thing most to be desired. . . . As soon as one realizes that this conscious choice of evil is psychologically impossible, one realizes also that the moral law is absolutely compelling. One may not see the right, and, while still seeing it, do the wrong. It is impossible. One may see the right, and then *afterward* do the wrong, like the man who saw his image in the glass, and forthwith looked away and forgot what manner of man he was. . . . This belief that the moral law is absolutely compelling, that a man may not look upon the right and do the wrong, reduces the really significant world-problems to one—to the problem of education. If knowledge and virtue be one, if ignorance and vice be one, then surely the thing which a man would desire very earnestly for himself and desire for others must be that perfect knowledge which would lead to the perfect life. . . . The



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impulse toward perfection is a blind impulse on the part of the great mass of mankind. The mission of the social teacher is to make this impulse conscious, and to make it intelligent. The power which makes for righteousness, that is, for excellence and beauty, is in reality the onrush of a world-process which is essentially esthetic."

THE interplay between man and Nature is shown in a succinct application to the subject in hand of the familiar doctrines of natural selection and the survival of the fittest throughout the history of the race, and the complete definition of the social purpose, which is the summing up of the whole argument, deserves quotation in full:

"The social purpose which flows out of these three elements of the philosophic idea, the unity of man, the interplay between man and Nature, and the esthetic process of the world-life, is so plain that he who runs may read. The social purpose is a humanized world, composed of men and women and children, sound and accomplished and beautiful in body, intelligent and sympathetic in mind, reverent in spirit, living in an environment rich in the largest elements of use and beauty, and occupying themselves with the persistent study and pursuit of perfection. In a word, *the social purpose is human wealth*. There is but one interest in life, and that is the human interest. . . . Education is simply the practical process by which we realize this social purpose and acquire human wealth. It is a process, therefore, which is very far from being limited to the schoolroom. It covers, rather, the entire twenty-four hours, the entire year, the entire lifetime. The term education will be used in this comprehensive sense throughout the following inquiry. . . . The present is a time of transition. The newer ideal of the social purpose is stirring the hearts of men. The old abuses are being called in question. The larger life and the larger human wealth are being canvassed as possibilities of realization. It is a time peculiarly full of hope and promise. . . . But one must have patience. To make over our educational system into conformity with the social ideal is not the work of a day, but of a generation. To redeem society is the work of succeeding generations. Meanwhile what may a man do, upon whose heart this ideal of a social purpose has laid firm hold? The answer is simple: he must be true to his philosophy. He may do anything which makes for the health of

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the body, anything which means fresh, pure air, wholesome food and drink, suitable dress, adequate exercise, manly work of hand and eye and muscle—anything which means increased health and sensitiveness and power, increased beauty, and usableness and delight. He may do anything which makes for the health of the mind, anything which means sanity, alertness, reliability, anything which means increased flexibility and order and strength. He may do anything which makes for the health of the spirit, anything which gives it greater play and truthfulness and power, anything which adds to the reverent delight of life. . . . It is equally imperative that one may consent to no mean and shabby environment. One must surround oneself with wholesomeness and beauty. . . . Furthermore, one must remember that in the world-process the stress is laid upon the *best*. To attain less than the best that is possible is unesthetic, that is, immoral. Life is not an affair for any modesty of purpose.

“THE way out is very open and clear. It is the way of simple, rational living. One may spread one’s own table with bread and wine, and sit down joyfully to the feast. One may care for one’s own simple home, and take delight in handling objects of real beauty. One may prepare the beautiful dress which best becomes a beautiful body. These simple tasks of everyday life—food and shelter and clothing—may be made to minister to the health of the body and to the delight of the spirit. When such tasks are shared with those one loves, with equal members of one’s family, not with servants and hirelings, the delight in wholesome bodily action is touched with the heart delight of comradeship. Surely, everyone remembers the unaffected joy with which Homer’s people, kings’ sons and queens’ daughters, shared in the common toil of life, and how truly they idealized it. . . . We lose immeasurably by making these daily home tasks complicated and hideous, and then turning them over to a class of people whom, by the very magnitude of the tasks, we hold remorselessly to the lower life. Many who are warm advocates of an eight-hour day keep their own servants busy for almost twice that length of time.

“It was a distinct human loss when we turned so much of our work over to machines and to uninterested wage-earners. And it was a tremendous esthetic loss. We are coming to realize the poverty of our

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cheap machine-made goods, our chairs and tables and carpets and wall-papers and the rest. . . . The cheap thing gives pleasure but once; this is when you pay the bill. It exacts compound payment every time it enters into human consciousness.

"One would not for a moment wish to lose the immense benefits of machinery. But one would wish to withdraw it from the vulgar service of profit, and enter it once for all in the distinguished service of human esthetics. One would especially wish to see machinery applied in the performance of those daily tasks of necessity, the preparation of food and fabrics, and withheld from all those more permanent tasks where hand-work confers individuality and beauty."

THE temptation to quote the last three paragraphs almost entire was irresistible, for they contain the crux of *THE CRAFTSMAN'S* belief as to the right conduct of life. The trouble is that this is a book which insists upon speaking for itself, and it has so much to say, and says it so forcibly, that it is difficult to refrain from quoting page after page, and letting it speak for itself without condensation or comment. But Mr. Henderson has a case to present, and as yet only a partial view of it has been given. He next takes up the question of the source of power in human achievements, as in education the realization of the source of power is the beginning of wisdom, and declares that the answer is near at hand, that the source of power is in human emotion, in human desire, in the human heart, that the children of men get what they work for and in just the measure of their desire, and that the source of weakness is the absence of human sentiment and emotion, the absence of inner necessity. In applying this already admitted fact to his own argument, he says:

"In the practical process of education, a process quite without meaning except as it carries out the social purpose, we can make no progress unless we build our work persistently on the admitted source of power. It is observable everywhere that we have a great number of useless learned persons, and their defect seems to be a failure of motive power. Half the equipment, with twice the human spirit back of it, would have rendered much the greater service. It is on this very ground that our current schemes of education and society are open to most serious criticism. We are multiplying opportunities, multiplying the tools of achievement, creating a vast accumulation of intellectual

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machinery, and then we make it ineffective by providing insufficient motive power—insufficient organism and insufficient impulse. But if we really believed that the source of human power is to be found in the emotions, the very opposite course would be the one which we were bound to follow. Our first concern ought to be with the emotional life.

"Our progress even in educational matters has been mechanical rather than human. What we are constantly asked to admire is the machinery of instruction, the buildings, the laboratories, the courses of study, the learning of the teaching staff. We are prone to explain the fact that so many children pass through this admirable machine quite untouched by anything so deep as an educational process, quite devoid of even the rudiments of culture, on the ground that there is some fault on the part of the children, just as if the problem of education were not to deal with real children rather than with theoretical children.

"From this point of view of the source of power the desires and interests of childhood are very sacred possessions, strongholds to be guarded, defended, and energized. It is of far graver importance that children should live sincerely, that they should put joy and heart into their occupations, that they should do well the thing which they want to do, than that they should satisfy any pedagogical plan of older people's devising. To carry out such a culture requires tremendous finesse, the finesse of knowing when to let people alone. It is difficult enough not to interfere with grown people, almost impossible to keep meddling hands off the children. . . . This explains, I think, why it is that so many of the people in whom the world is most deeply interested have come from the great open of life, rather than from the schools. The biography of genius, even the biography of talent, shows a surprising percentage who have eluded the schoolmaster and have come out winners. It is no argument against school-keeping, but a very forcible one against ill-advised school-keeping."

THE last of the chapters devoted to the laying down of general principles is given to making clear the principle of organic education. As the author says: "The people of power are the people who have not only the strong motive force of a conserving passion, but as well a keen and efficient tool for carrying out its purposes. From the point of view of the unity of man, it is impossible to attain power save through the development of all the faculties of the body,

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the five senses of sight and hearing and touch and taste and smell; the normal appetites for food and exercise; the habit of free intellectual play, and the healthful life of the emotions. To have these operating together for the realization of a high social purpose, this is the health of the human organism, and nothing less than this may be accepted as success. So it happens that those of us who hold to this conception of the unit man look upon education as a process of organic culture, the thoroughgoing culture of all sides of a man's nature, practically the regeneration of his organism; for it is only by such a process that he can come into a totality of power, and can satisfy that impulse toward perfection which is the most abiding impulse of the human spirit."

Again: "The poverty of organic power is not compensated by any amount of mechanical devices or any aggregate of material wealth. It is an illusion to substitute modern inventions for personal human power, and to imagine that the world has gained in excellence by the substitution. . . . The substitutes are poor trinkets to be offered in exchange for human power and beauty and excellence. Knowledge itself is a poor thing unless it be the instrument of power, and knowledge gained at the expense of power stands condemned already. One can not recover from one's surprise to find so self-conscious a process as education, a process which we all admit to be a means and not an end, ignoring its own material, the sensational world; ignoring its own process, the wholesome all-round activity of the organism; ignoring its own end, the cultivation of power, and turning to the cheap substitutes of outer fact. And this again is due, it seems to me, to the evil influence of our commercial ideas of life generally. The definite informational knowledge has been held to have a clearly recognized market value; it is a tangible possession akin to the machinery upon which we set so great store, and it is supposed in some occult way to offer a preparation for future work. Organic culture has no market in view. It has small eye to the future. It proposes only the goal of the present, for it does believe that this human end is better than the market, and that the only earnest of a good future is a well-used present."

All the remainder of Mr. Henderson's book—and more than half remains—is devoted to the full and practical elucidation of what he deems the best means of carrying into effect this principle of organic



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education, with its radical reforms and its far-reaching effects. To quote from it even slightly would be impossible, so much space has already been devoted to what he says of the philosophy and the purpose which lie at the root of the proposed educational reform. In the chapter entitled "Cause and Effect," he deals fully with the best of the existing methods, showing their virtues and their weaknesses, and where even such admirable methods as prevail in the kindergarten and in departments of educational manual training fail to go far enough to serve the full purpose of organic education. Then he takes up in detail the outlines of a practical method of organic education which shall be for all children alike, backward as well as brilliant, poor as well as rich, and shall cover not only the hours and days of what is now called the school term, but the twenty-four hours of the day and the three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, from infancy to maturity, with many sound suggestions for the life which succeeds the university. The first part of the book has been chosen for review here rather than this most interesting and valuable latter half, because after all it is the principles which underlie any movement toward reform that count, even more than the reform itself, and without this understanding of the scope of the fundamental idea a detailed account of the process of carrying out the reform would lack half its significance.

The principles upon which Mr. Henderson's whole idea of education are founded are most heartily endorsed by *THE CRAFTSMAN*, and we do not hesitate to say that the more widely such a book is read by thinking people, the better for society and for future generations.

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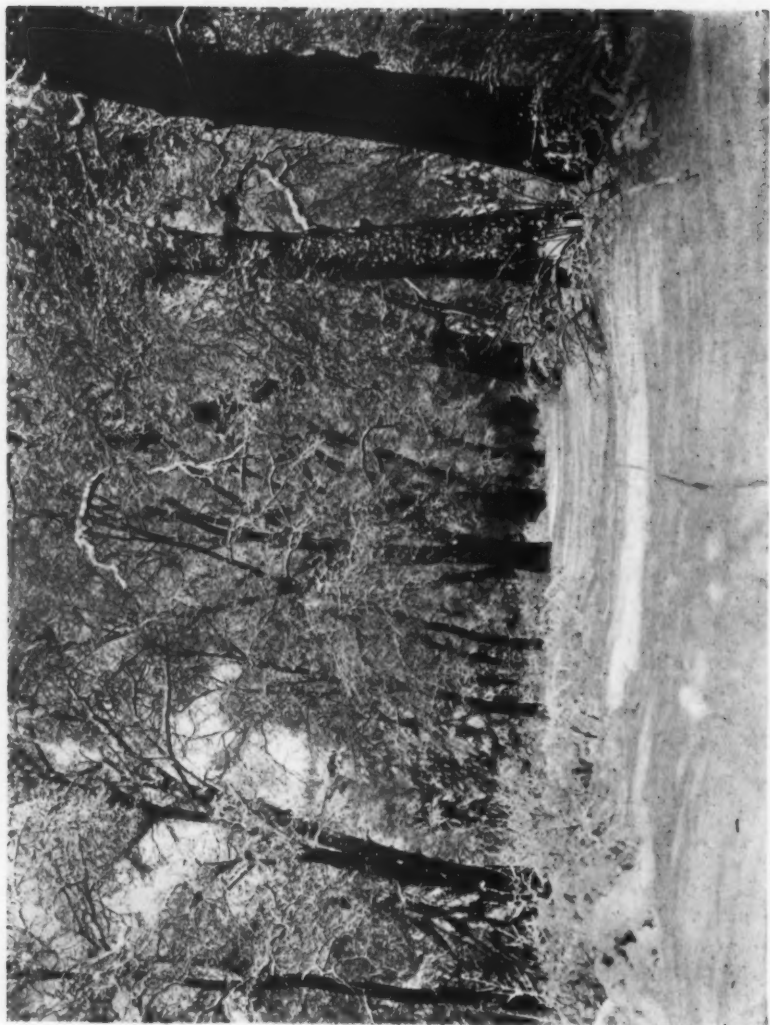
EDITOR'S NOTE.—In our regular department of Book Reviews will be found the usual notice of Mr. Henderson's book, and we wish also to call the attention of readers of this article to the review in this issue of Mr. John Spargo's book, "The Bitter Cry of the Children," which has been chosen because of the terrible contrast it presents to the book just considered, in showing some of the actual conditions that prevail among our poorer children, and the great need of a reform that shall put a stop to this worst and most insidious form of race suicide.





*Photographed by Fiske*

"HAPPY ISLE." YOSEMITE VALLEY IN SUMMER



*Photographed by Fiske*

"BLACK ROAD," YOSEMITE VALLEY IN WINTER



*Photographed by Fiske*

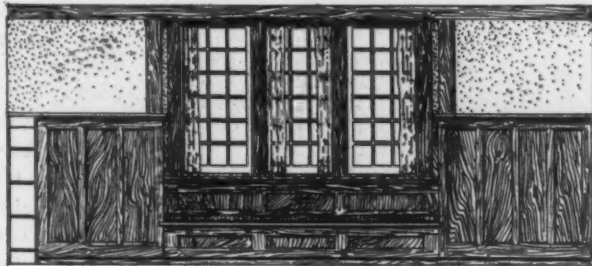
YOSEMITE IN MIDWINTER, A TRACKLESS VALLEY



*Photographed by Fiske*

"SENTINEL ROCK," HIGHEST  
PEAK IN YOSEMITE VALLEY

## THREE CRAFTSMAN COTTAGES, SERIES OF 1907: NUMBER II



• WINDOW SEAT IN LIVING ROOM •

SO MANY requests have come to THE CRAFTSMAN for small and inexpensive houses that shall yet have all the interest, beauty, and comfort of the typical CRAFTSMAN house, that in this issue we publish three cottages, all well within the reach of a very moderate income, but all designed to secure the greatest interest and harmony in proportion, structural features, sense of space in the interior arrangement, and blending of color in walls, woodwork, and furnishings.

The first cottage shown would make a pleasant home for a small family. It is rather unusual in plan, and is especially designed to carry out what THE CRAFTSMAN holds to be one solution of the domestic problem. As will be seen by a glance at the front elevation and the floor plan of the first story, the kitchen and maid's room are placed at one end of the house, and are arranged so that they may be completely cut off from the living-rooms. One of the doors leading from the entrance porch opens directly into the maid's room, which is meant to be fitted with a couch-bed, so that it is a bedroom only when needed and a pleasant sitting-room the rest of

the time. By having an entrance door from the porch directly to this room, the maid can live her own life almost as freely as if she were in her own home; can come and go without disturbing the rest of the house, as she would if her room were with the rest of the bedrooms on the second floor; and can entertain her own guests in her own sitting-room instead of in the kitchen, as she is generally obliged to do. This room communicates directly with the kitchen, so that this end of the house is entirely her own domain. Such an arrangement does away with the feeling of constant surveillance, which is one of the unpleasant features of domestic service, and makes it much easier to get and keep the sort of a maid that can be trusted not to abuse the freedom given her in the house of her employer any more than she would abuse such freedom in her own home. In case this arrangement is not considered desirable by the mistress of the house, it can be changed, with no alteration of the general plan, simply by omitting the door leading to the kitchen and cutting a door between the living-room and the little front room, which could then be used for a library,

### THREE CRAFTSMAN COTTAGES



COTTAGE NO. I. FRONT ELEVATION

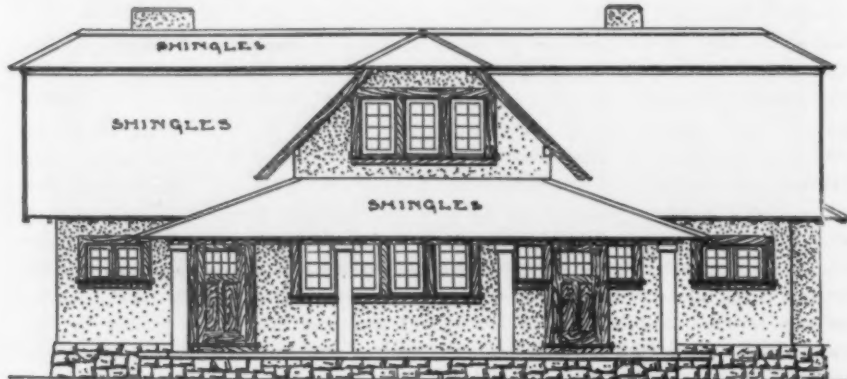
den, sewing-room, or study, as desired. The outside measurements of the cottage are fifty-one feet in width by thirty-two in depth, including the porch in front and the chimney in the rear. The walls, from the rough-stone foundation to the shingled roof, are of Portland cement plaster over metal lath, the plaster left in its natural gray color, which contrasts pleasantly with the dull dark red

of the roof, the two harmonizing admirably with the greens and browns of the landscape.

The outside framing of the doors and windows and the rafters of the overhanging eaves are of cypress, stained a light brown, while the porch columns and the mullions of the windows are of pure white. The porch is floored with dark-red cement, repeating the color of the

room, and instead of a porch railing, long boxes of growing plants guard the edge. Mullioned casement windows are used throughout the house, both because their effect of quaintness is in keeping with the whole character of the cottage, and because they afford excellent ventilation.

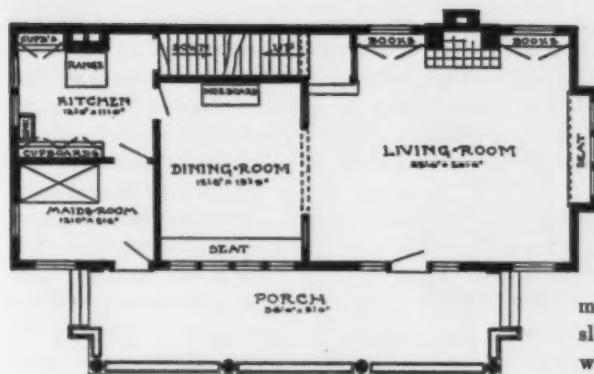
Aside from the kitchen and maid's room already described, the whole first



COTTAGE NO. I. SIDE ELEVATION



## THREE CRAFTSMAN COTTAGES



COTTAGE NO. I. FIRST FLOOR PLAN

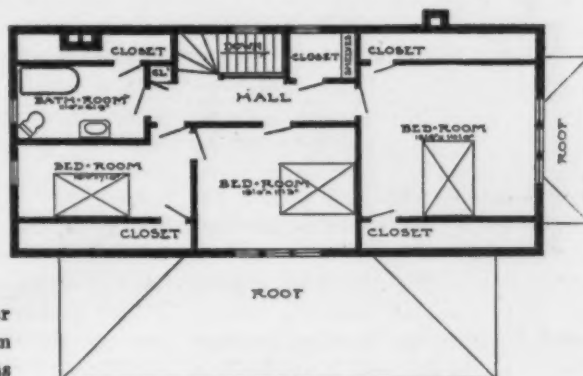
floor of the house is given to the living-room and dining-room. The second floor is divided into a hall, three bedrooms, and a bath. The cellar is large and well lighted by high windows, and contains a laundry, storeroom, toilet, and lavatory, and a place for the furnace and coal bins.

The entrance doors of oak are typical CRAFTSMAN doors, made rather broad in proportion to their height, with mullioned lights of antique glass above and two long panels below. Two high mullioned windows of the same antique glass, and made a little broader than they are high, are built into a frame, giving an attractive group of lights. On the same wall is a double case-ment window, mullioned like the others, but with panes of clear glass. The living-room is full of light, as it has nine windows in addition

to the borrowed light from the dining-room.

The living-room and dining-room, as in most CRAFTSMAN houses, are practically one room, the dividing line between them being little more than suggested by the slight partitions of wood which serve more as a decorative structural feature than as a division between

two separate rooms. These wood partitions on each side of the wide opening are merely panels of the five-foot wainscoting that runs around both rooms and terminates in posts that reach to the ceiling beams. The open spaces above the panels may or may not be curtained, according to individual fancy in decoration. If a sense of space is desired above all else, they would better be left open, but a charming accent of color can be given by having such spaces hung with little



COTTAGE NO. I. SECOND FLOOR PLAN

### THREE CRAFTSMAN COTTAGES

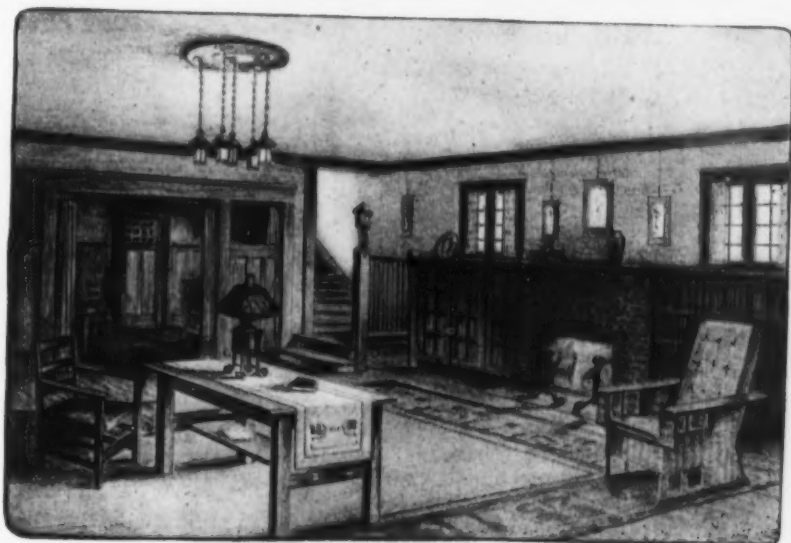
curtains of soft, rough silk. Some of these silks are wonderful in color and design, and are not expensive, and a dash of rich color placed high like this is marvelously effective in itself, besides softening the severe lines of the wood-work.

The living-room proper is twenty-three feet long by twenty wide, and the sketch shows it as seen from the window seat. The structural interest of the room centers in the fireplace with its flanking bookcases and in the staircase which completes the group. The fireplace is of Harvard brick (red), and the bookcases on either side, surmounted by the square, mullioned windows with the unbroken wall-space between, give a beautiful balance to the whole. The stair-landing in the corner is entirely inconspicuous, and yet it is important to the structural completeness of the room, as the rail is just the height of the bookcase beside it, and is connected with it in construction, while the bookcases in turn establish the line, at the height of five feet, which is carried around the room by the oak wainscoting. A five-inch beam in the ceiling angle projects an inch from the side walls and serves as a finish at the top. Looking from the dining-room the window seat comes into view, set into a recess which forms a bay from the outside, and surmounted by a triple casement window, mullioned, with clear glass lights.

The dining-room is twelve and one-half feet wide by nineteen feet and nine inches long, and is lighted by a group of triple casement windows, beneath which a seat extends the entire length of the room. As this room is practically a part of the living-room, it is given the

same treatment in structure as well as in color, with the exception of the top of the walls, where the five-inch beam is omitted and the ceiling is dropped to the depth of twelve inches on the side walls, a narrow strip of wood, placed at the height of the cap of the door frame, running around the room with the effect of a small frieze. The five-foot oak wainscoting is continued from the living-room around the walls of the dining-room.

The color scheme of both rooms would naturally be the same to preserve the effect of space as well as harmony. We would suggest that the oak woodwork be finished in a rich nut-brown, and the sand-finished plaster walls in a shade of light golden brown with a tone in it of grayish green, something like the color seen in the skin of a russet apple. The ceilings would be ivory white with a suggestion of green. The inner draperies would have a ground of grayish leaf-green, with a design in dark and golden browns and snaps of dull rich blue. The portieres would be of plain gray-green, decorated with peasant embroidery in the some colors that form the design of the figured silk. The rugs should also be in soft greens and brown, relieved by dull reds and an occasional sparkle of deep blue. The thin sash curtains for the casement windows would be best of ivory crepe, with an embroidered design in leaf-green and warm yellow, and the higher notes of the color scheme could be emphasized by repetition in small silk pillows scattered among the larger pillows of sheepskin, velour, or canvas, showing the dominant tones of green and brown.



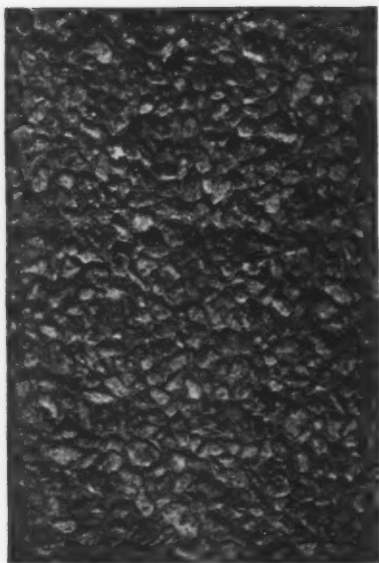
CRAFTSMAN COTTAGE NUMBER ONE: SERIES OF 1907



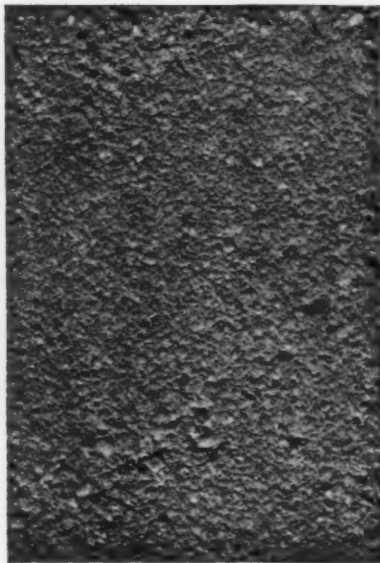
CRAFTSMAN COTTAGE NUMBER TWO: SERIES OF 1907



CRAFTSMAN COTTAGE NUMBER THREE: SERIES OF 1907



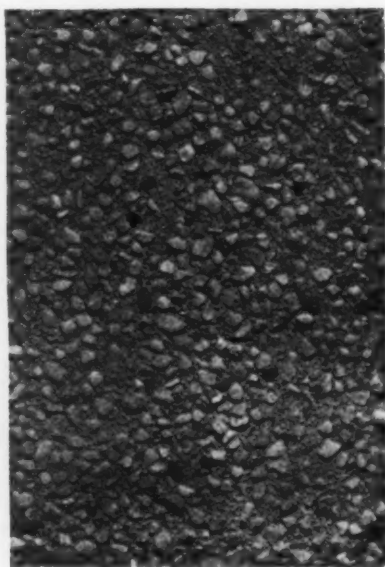
GRANITE CONCRETE, COMPOSED OF ONE PART CEMENT, TWO PARTS BAR SAND, AND THREE PARTS ONE-QUARTER-INCH GRANITE GRIT



YELLOW BAR SAND AND CEMENT, COMPOSED OF ONE PART CEMENT AND THREE PARTS YELLOW BAR SAND



CONCRETE, COMPOSED OF ONE PART CEMENT, TWO PARTS YELLOW BANK SAND, AND THREE PARTS THREE-EIGHTHS-INCH SCREENED STONE



PEBBLE AND SAND CONCRETE WITH SCRUBBED SURFACE, COMPOSED OF ONE PART CEMENT, TWO PARTS BAR SAND, AND THREE PARTS ONE-SIXTEENTH-INCH WHITE PEBBLES



### THREE CRAFTSMAN COTTAGES

The bedrooms, of course, would show the individual tastes of the occupants in color and furnishings.

The cost of this house complete, without decorations, would approximate two thousand five hundred dollars if it is built as described.

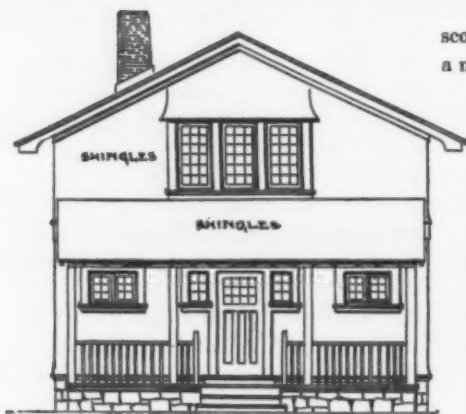
THE second cottage shown is built entirely of shingles, and its simple lines of construction are relieved by the overhanging eaves and rafters of the roof, the well-proportioned porch, which is balanced by the extension at the rear, the heavy beams which run entirely around the walls, with a slight turn of the shingles above, and the effective grouping of the windows. The shingles on the walls are laid in double course, the top ones being well exposed and the under ones showing not much over an inch below. This not only adds to the warmth of the house, but gives an interesting effect of irregularity to the wall-surface.

The little house is built to stand weather, and this sturdiness is the direct cause of its wealth of attractive structural features. The roof of the porch projects two and one-half feet, which affords protection even in a driving storm. Also for protection, all the exposed windows are capped by little shingled hoods which grow out from the walls, and which, in addition to their usefulness, form one of the most charming features in the whole construction. The eaves of the main roof project over the front for two and one-half feet, and the weight is supported by purlins placed at the peak of the roof and at its connection with each of the side walls. This

widely projecting roof gives a most comfortable effect of shelter and homelikeness, an effect which is heightened by the way in which the quaint little casement windows on the second story seem to hide under its wing.

The view of the living-room shown in the sketch is that which would be seen by anyone looking through the triple casement window on the side wall. The first thing seen by one entering from the porch would be the fireplace, which is thrown diagonally across the corner, with a small built-in seat between it and the landing of the staircase, which turns and runs up back of the seat. The fireplace is built of rough red brick, with a stone lintel placed just at the height of the wainscot, and is built out from the wall three inches, with little projecting brackets to support the shelf. Above this the sand-finished wall recedes to its proper distance, making an unbroken space upon which could be hung a good picture. The seat beside the fireplace is meant to be built so that the top can be raised and the inside used for a storage place. The back is raised one and one-half feet above the wainscot for protection on the stair, but the line of the wainscot is continued by the dividing strips between the long panels below and the square ones above. A curtain hung here would give a touch of color and soften the strong lines of the supporting columns. An interesting structural feature is the continuation of the same line from the five-foot wainscot of the living-room to the first landing of the stair, where it sinks to a height of three feet and continues up the stair. The front door, with its mullioned windows, is recessed eighteen

### THREE CRAFTSMAN COTTAGES



COTTAGE NO. 2. FRONT ELEVATION

inches, and a heavy portiere might hang in this recess, to be drawn in the evening or in stormy weather. The bookcase is built into the wall, affording relief from the continued surface of the wainscot.

The dining-room is twelve feet wide by eleven and one-half feet long, and is amply lighted by a double casement window mullioned into eighteen small lights. These mullioned casements are used throughout the house. The walls of this room show a continuation of the wainscot in the living-room, and the only partition is the usual CRAFTSMAN device of posts and panels, the latter extending only to the height of the wain-

scot and leaving an opening above, where a metal or pottery jug may be placed or a soft silk curtain hung, according to the taste of the owner and the need for color at this height.

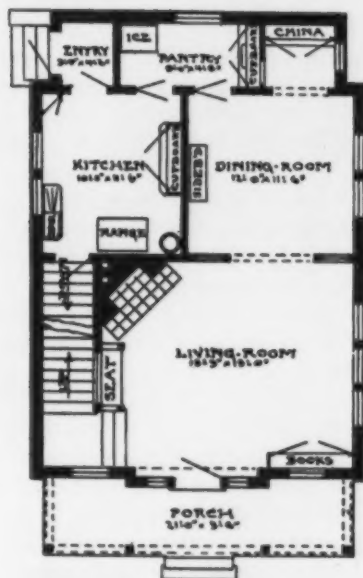
The extension at the back of the house is partly utilized for a pantry, with a sink in it for washing dishes, and a shelf and door for convenience in passing them through to the dining-room. The corner space is used as a rear entry-way, and the opposite corner as a recess in the dining-room for a dish closet.

The kitchen is well lighted by a double window, and is amply fitted with cupboards. Except for the entrance through the pantry, it is entirely unconnected with the dining-room. The stairway from the kitchen leads down to the cellar, which extends the whole length of the house and is well lighted by high windows. It contains a large laundry and storeroom, and a chimney which gives opportunity for a heating apparatus to be installed if desired.



COTTAGE NO. 2. SIDE ELEVATION

### THREE CRAFTSMAN COTTAGES



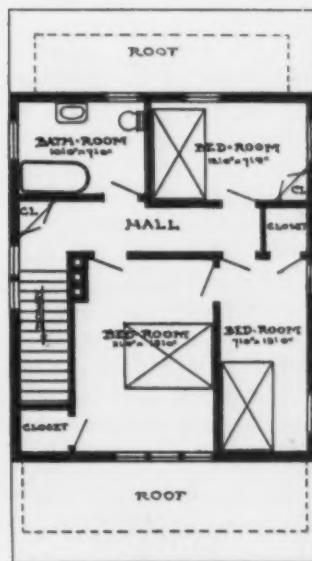
COTTAGE NO. 2. FIRST FLOOR PLAN

The second story is divided into a hall, one large bedroom well lighted by a triple window and having a good-sized closet, two smaller bedrooms, well ventilated and lighted, and supplied with closets and a bath.

The cost, as we estimate it, would approximate two thousand dollars without decorations.

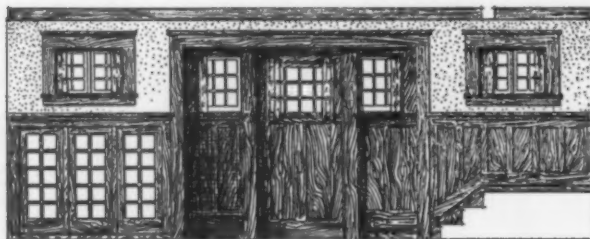
THE third cottage is designed to be built of concrete or hollow cement-block construction, and is shaped like a cross, giving opportunity for the maximum allowance of light and air and for large, well-placed rooms. The side walls are broken into panels by raised bands of concrete that bind the corners, and also run around the entire structure at the connection of the roof and again be-

tween the first and second stories. These bands are smooth surfaced, but the walls are made very rough by a simple process of washing off the surface before it is quite hard. The face of the concrete is completely flushed against the form, and when the form is removed, after the material has set, but while it is still friable, the surface is washed with a brush and plenty of water, and well rinsed, so that the film of cement which formed against the mold is removed, and the particles of sand and stone are exposed. The appearance of the surface is largely controlled by the extent of the washing. If this is done at exactly the right time, the washing brush can be so plied as to remove the mortar to a considerable depth between the stones, leaving them in de-



COTTAGE NO. 2. SECOND FLOOR PLAN

### THREE CRAFTSMAN COTTAGES



INTERIOR ELEVATION OF LIVING ROOM.  
FACING FRONT OF HOUSE.

cided relief and producing a rough, coarse texture that is very interesting.\* Although this process apparently is intended only for the regular concrete construction, it would seem equally practicable to roughen the outside surface of concrete blocks in this way, if it is done as they are made.

The foundation of this house is also of concrete, and is continued upward on a gentle slant to a line at the base of the windows on the first floor, which gives a continuous horizontal line on a level with the parapets of the porches on either side of the front wing. The roof is covered with Spanish tiles of red terra-cotta, and is broken into an attractive form by the intersection at right angles of the two sections of the roof, one of which is a little smaller than the other. The eaves overhang about two and one-half feet, and are supported by rafters placed twelve inches apart. The same tile is used on the small roofs covering the front porches, and the support to these little porch roofs is furnished by round

cement columns that are slightly tapered.

The main entrance porch is at the right of the house as it appears in the sketch, while the kitchen is entered from the porch on the left. The window frames, with the exception of the small windows that are so built as to be included in the framework of the entrance door, are of cement with capped pilasters. The wings on the side elevations are a little larger than those of the front and rear, and the rear porch is recessed and extends the whole width of the wing, being large enough to serve as a very comfortable summer dining-room. This porch is floored with square tiles of red cement, which are especially adapted for outdoor use.

As shown in the sketch, the first floor is arranged with only wood partitions separating the rooms, similar to those spoken of in the description of the other cottages. In the vestibule, which is just sufficiently large to prevent a too abrupt entrance into the living-room, is a box seat, useful for the storing away of various articles. The back of this seat is a continuation of the five-foot wainscot on the walls of the living-room, and opposite to it is space beneath the high windows for a hat and coat rack. Sus-

\*NOTE.—For full particulars as to this method of preparing and rough-surfacing concrete, we refer the reader to an article upon this Subject by Henry H. Quimby, M. Am. Soc. C. E., published in *The Cement Age* for November, 1906.

### THREE CRAFTSMAN COTTAGES



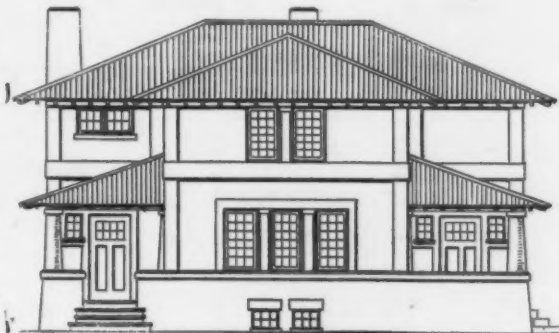
COTTAGE NO. 3. FRONT ELEVATION

pended from a five-inch ceiling-beam, between the two supporting columns of the partitions separating the vestibule from the living-room, are two lanterns of opalescent glass, framed in hammered copper, which serve to light the vestibule, and also add to the lighting of the living-room. A grille of slender spindles is run across the entrance from the vestibule, and also across the opening from the living-room into the dining-room. Curtains may be hung in these openings if it is found desirable to soften the lines and give an added richness of color in the room.

The fireplace is built out into the room about two and one-half feet. To a height of five feet and to a depth of six inches—which is wide enough to support the ten-inch shelf—it is of red brick. A square post on either side of the chimney breast supports the beam, which runs the entire width of the room, es-

tablishing the entrance to the stairway on one side, and making a nook two feet deep on the other, in which a seat is placed. The back of this seat is paneled to the height of six feet from the floor, at which height a bookcase is built across the whole width. This is recessed six inches farther back than the edge of the seat, that it may be within

easy reach of anyone standing on the seat, and also because one rising suddenly will be less likely to strike the head than if the bookcase were the full depth. On each of the posts of the mantel breast a copper-framed lantern is hung from a bracket, one to light the seat and the other the entrance to the stair. The stairway, winding as it does around the chimney breast, shows an unusual and very interesting arrangement as to its entrance, and is so placed that it is convenient to both the living-room and



COTTAGE NO. 3. SIDE ELEVATION

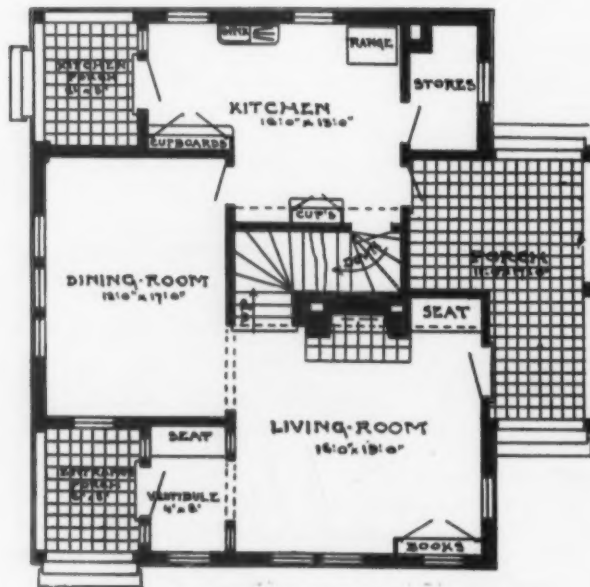


### THREE CRAFTSMAN COTTAGES

the dining-room. As shown in the plan, a door with a panel of small mullioned lights at the top opens upon the back porch. In all, the living-room is lighted by five windows in addition to the light borrowed from the four windows in the vestibule and from the dining-room. The windows in this cottage, like those in the two cottages previously described, are all casement and mullioned. They all open in and are so placed as to be well sheltered from the weather, so that there is no danger of leakage. We use these mullioned casement windows in many of the CRAFTSMAN houses, and they are especially suited to these small and homelike cottages on account of their quaintness and indescribably friendly look, as well

as their desirability on practical grounds. A window that opens like a door affords much better ventilation than one in which only the space of one sash can be thrown open, and there is a simple directness about the appearance of a casement that gives the last touch of structural interest to cottages such as are shown here.

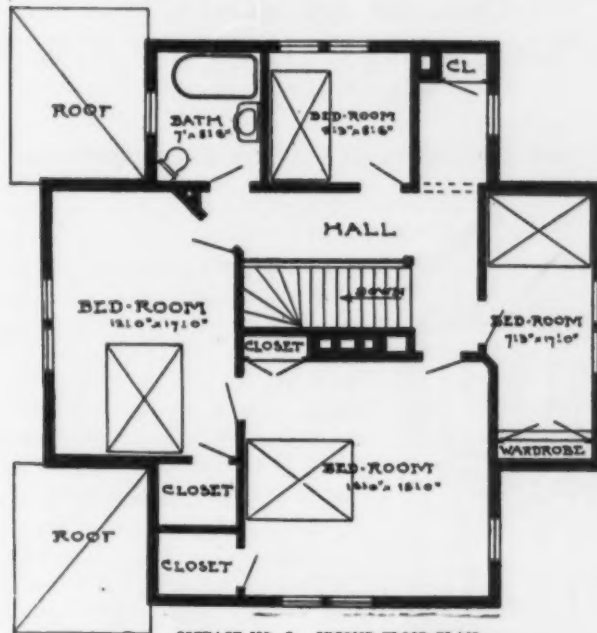
The dining-room is seventeen feet long by twelve feet wide, and is lighted by a triple window on the side wall. Here the wainscot is dropped to a height of three feet, affording a pleasant contrast to the high wainscot of the living-room. The kitchen and pantry are combined in one large room with built-in cupboards and all conveniences. A storeroom with a window connects with the kitchen. The



COTTAGE NO. 3. FIRST FLOOR PLAN



### THREE CRAFTSMAN COTTAGES



COTTAGE NO. 3. SECOND FLOOR PLAN

cellar, which is unusually large and lighted by high windows, is entered from the kitchen. It contains a laundry, lavatory and toilet, large storerooms, and place for a heating apparatus and coal-bins.

The second floor is divided into an upper hall, four bedrooms and a bath; two of the bedrooms are large, and two are

of medium size. All are excellently lighted, ventilated, and supplied with closets, and all are accessible to the hall and bath.

According to our estimate the cost of building this cottage will be in the neighborhood of \$3,500, if it is located where the materials required are fairly easy to obtain.

# HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK: PRACTICAL EXAMPLES IN STRUCTURAL WOOD WORKING: TWENTY-THIRD OF THE SERIES

## CRAFTSMAN BOOKCASE FOR ENCYCLOPEDIA

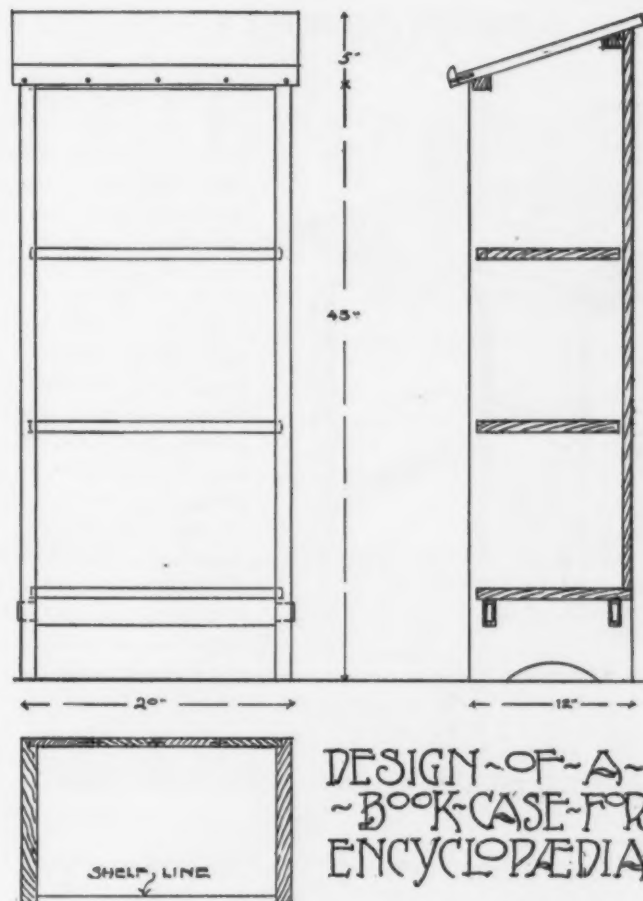


**A**N ENCYCLOPEDIA is rapidly becoming an essential part of the furnishings, not only of the home library but of the sitting-room, where much reading or studying is done. The family circle who read much nowadays wants to read intelligently, and this is only to be accomplished by convenient reference books; and books to be convenient must be close at hand, placed near the table or desk, ready to use without much lifting or reaching out. The CRAFTSMAN encyclopedia bookcase is designed to meet just this condition, to furnish convenient reference to busy people without especial exertion. The model here given is an essentially simple piece of furniture with complete and easily understood working plans. The usual encyclopedia set comprises twenty volumes, but the shelves of this bookcase are so divided that there are twenty-one spaces, so that a dictionary also may always be at hand.

## MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR ENCYCLOPEDIA BOOKCASE

	Pieces	No.	Long	Rough		Finish	
				Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick
Sides .....	2	48 in.	13 in.	1 1/2 in.	1 1/2 in.	12 in.	1 1/4 in.
Top .....	1	21 in.	14 1/2 in.	1 in.	1 in.	14 in.	7/8 in.
Cleat .....	1	21 in.	13 1/4 in.	7/8 in.	7/8 in.	1 1/2 in.	3/4 in.
Front Rail .....	1	18 in.	13 1/4 in.	1 3/4 in.	1 3/4 in.	1 1/2 in.	Shaped

# HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

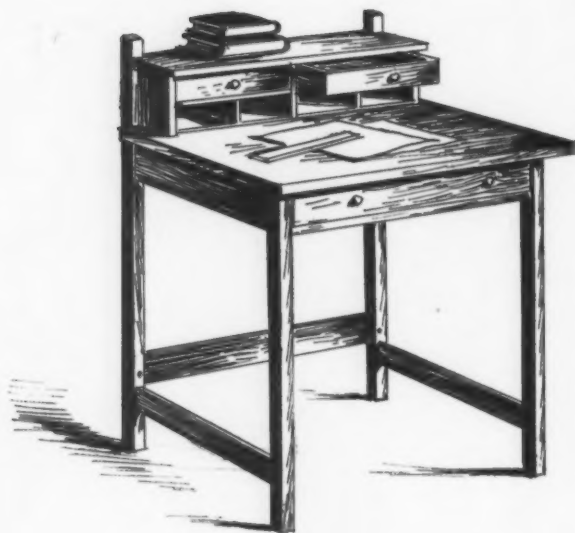


SCALE OF INCHES ~ ~

Front Rail	1	21 in.	2 1/4 in.	1 1/4 in.	2 in.	1 in.
Back Rail	1	18 in.	1 3/4 in.	1 3/4 in.	1 1/2 in.	1 1/2 in.
Back Rail	1	21 in.	2 1/4 in.	1 1/4 in.	2 in.	1 in.
Shelves	3	19 in.	13 in.	1 in.	12 1/2 in.	7/8 in.
Backs	4	42 in.	5 in.	3/4 in.	4 3/4 in.	5/8 in.

## HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

### CRAFTSMAN DESK FOR A CHILD



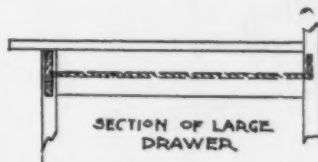
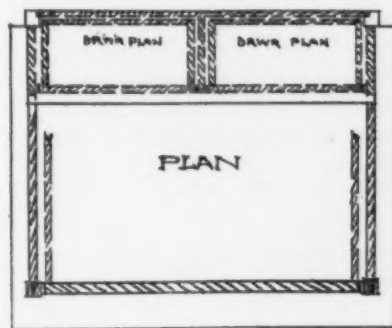
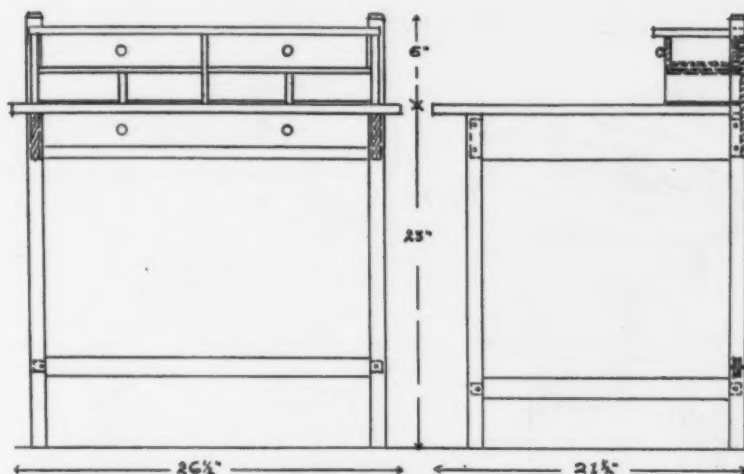
THERE is no article of miniature furniture that children so delight in as a desk, where they can work like grown-up folks, and have pads and pencils never to be loaned or lost, and a real air of adult industry. Children not only enjoy a small desk, but actually work better at one. To please the young mind it is necessary to make things for work or play along simple lines. Children are essentially primitive, and resent fussy over-ornamentation which they do not understand. For this reason, it is inevitable that they should like CRAFTSMAN furniture, and, as a matter of fact, they always do. A child's CRAFTSMAN

desk, which is very simple in construction, is a very worth-while desk to little members of the family—who would also even enjoy helping to make it.

### MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR CHILD'S DESK

	Pieces	No.	Long	Rough		Finish	
				Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick
Legs .....	2	31 in.	1½ in.	1½ in.	1½ in.	1¾ in.	1¾ in.
Legs .....	2	24 in.	1½ in.	1½ in.	1½ in.	1¾ in.	1¾ in.
Top .....	1	27 in.	22 in.	7/8 in.	21½ in.	¾ in.	¾ in.
Top .....	1	25 in.	7 in.	5/8 in.	6 in.	½ in.	½ in.
Front Rail .....	1	24 in.	1¼ in.	1 in.	1 in.	7/8 in.	7/8 in.
Side Stretchers .....	2	20 in.	2¼ in.	7/8 in.	2 in.	¾ in.	¾ in.
Back Stretchers .....	1	25 in.	2¼ in.	7/8 in.	3 in.	¾ in.	¾ in.
Side Rails .....	2	19 in.	4¼ in.	1 in.	4 in.	7/8 in.	7/8 in.
Sides .....	2	6 in.	5 in.	5/8 in.	4½ in.	½ in.	½ in.
Partition .....	1	6 in.	5 in.	½ in.	4½ in.	¾ in.	¾ in.

# HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



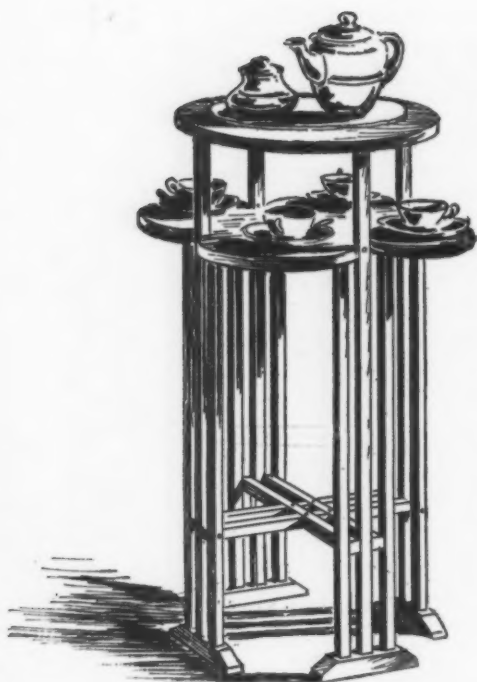
SCALE OF ~ ~  
INCHES ~ 0 1 2 3 4

DESIGN FOR A  
CHILD'S DESK

Partitions .....	2	6 in.	2 1/4 in.	1 1/2 in.	2 in.	3/8 in.
Drawer Front .....	1	24 in.	3 1/4 in.	7/8 in.	3 in.	3/4 in.
Drawer Fronts .....	2	12 in.	2 1/2 in.	3/4 in.	2 in.	1/2 in.
Drawer Sides .....	4	6 in.	2 1/4 in.	1 1/2 in.	2 in.	3/8 in.
Drawer Sides .....	2	19 in.	3 1/4 in.	3/4 in.	3 in.	1/2 in.
Drawer Backs .....	2	11 in.	2 1/2 in.	1 1/2 in.	2 in.	3/8 in.
Drawer Back .....	1	22 in.	3 in.	3/4 in.	2 1/2 in.	1/2 in.
Back .....	1	24 in.	9 in.	3/4 in.	8 in.	1/2 in.

## HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

### A CRAFTSMAN TEA TABLE



A REALLY convenient little tea table is one of the most useful pieces of furniture in the home sitting-room. And this CRAFTSMAN table model is designed for everyday home use, and is so arranged that the knocking off of cups and saucers as one moves about a room is practically impossible. The upper section is planned to hold tea pot or kettle, with room for sugar bowl and cream pitcher or lemon dish, and the under shelf has detail spaces for each cup and saucer. The effect of the cozy little round spacing for each piece of china is particularly homelike and intimate.

The structural plan for the table is extremely simple, carefully carrying out as it does the strong, plain lines of the CRAFTSMAN idea in furniture. It is not a difficult piece to put together, and should be made to match the color harmony of the room it is used in. It is equally useful for a sewing or reading stand, and if carefully made will become a permanent furniture asset.

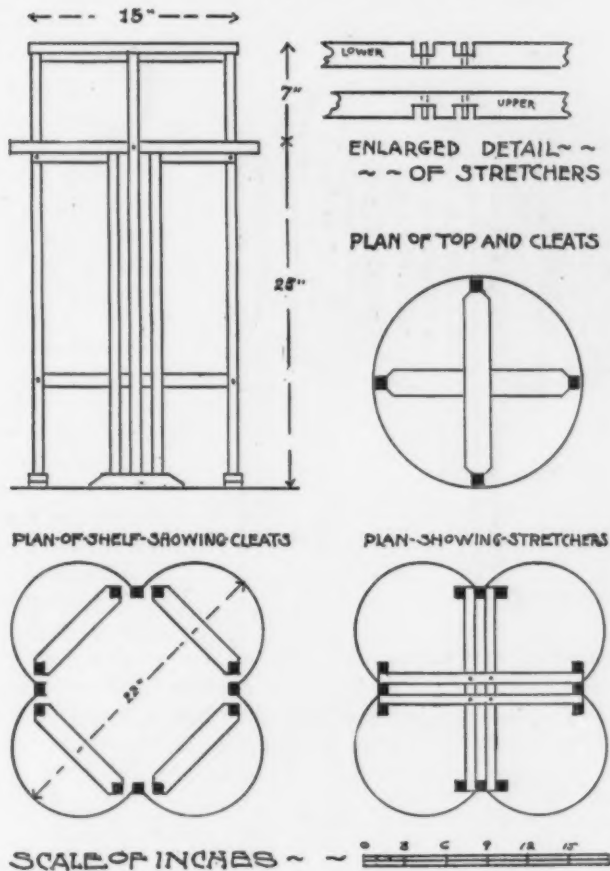
### MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR TEA TABLE

Pieces	No.	Long	Rough		Finish	
			Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick
Spindles .....	4	32 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Spindles .....	8	25 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Top .....	1	15 in.	15 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	15 in. diam.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Shelf .....	1	18 in.	18 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	Pattern	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Feet .....	4	7 in.	$1\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$1\frac{1}{4}$ in.	$1\frac{1}{4}$ in.	1 in.



# HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

## DESIGN FOR A TEA TABLE



Stretchers .....	4	16 in.	1 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Cleats .....	4	9 in.	$2\frac{1}{4}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$1\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{5}{8}$ in.
Cleats .....	2	6 in.	$2\frac{1}{4}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	2 in.	$\frac{5}{8}$ in.
Cleat .....	1	14 in.	$2\frac{1}{4}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	2 in.	$\frac{5}{8}$ in.

## HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

### A COMBINATION ENCYCLOPEDIA TABLE



**F**OR the student who wishes his reference books as near by as his writing pad, there could be no more valuable piece of furniture than this combination CRAFTSMAN table and encyclopedia bookcase. It is thoughtfully designed to hold a complete set of books, with additional space for dictionary. Or, of course, it could be used for any number of other sorts of reference books, dictionaries, etc., in fact, for whatever books the student wishes to surround himself with.

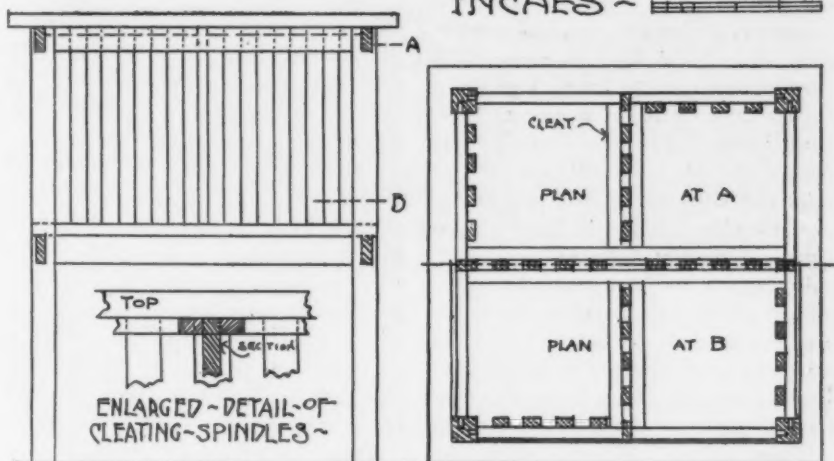
This model is one of the plainest CRAFTSMAN designs, most substantially made to

hold the heaviest of books and to last a lifetime. The working plans are so simple that they can be understood and applied by the beginner in cabinet work. And what recreation could a student enjoy more thoroughly than to become his own cabinet-maker and to develop a table on which he is to work. This model is recommended as one of the most practical, substantial, and simple of our series of lessons in cabinet work.

## HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

### DESIGN OF A COMBINATION TABLE AND BOOK CASE FOR ENCYCLOPEDIA

SCALE OF ~ 0 3 6 9 12  
INCHES ~



#### MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR COMBINATION TABLE AND ENCYCLOPEDIA BOOKCASE.

Pieces	No.	Long	Rough		Finish	
			Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick
Legs .....	4	31 in.	2 in.	2 in.	1 3/4 in.	1 3/4 in.
Top .....	1	28 in.	28 in.	1 in.	27 in.	7/8 in.
Shelf .....	1	25 in.	25 in.	7/8 in.	24 in.	3/4 in.
Rails .....	8	23 in.	2 1/4 in.	1 in.	2 in.	7/8 in.
Slats .....	36	15 in.	1 1/4 in.	5/8 in.	1 in.	1/2 in.
Cleats .....	4	11 in.	1 1/4 in.	3/4 in.	1 in.	5/8 in.
Cleats .....	2	24 in.	1 1/4 in.	3/4 in.	1 in.	5/8 in.

## ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

### ALS IK KAN

**T**O CRYSTALLIZE into a public and official utterance from the highest source in the nation a protest which, in one form or another, has become the prevailing thought of the people, is to give it a significance and a driving force that brings it home with a shock to the conservative, and startles, even while it delights, the radical who advocates sweeping reforms. Considered in this light, it is no wonder that the much-discussed President's message has been a veritable bombshell, and that the echoes of the explosion are still rolling far and wide. Yet, in its bearing upon questions of social, industrial, and political reform, it is only an expression of the change which has taken place during the past few years in the public attitude toward our great problems of special privileges, political and corporate corruption, and the social and industrial inequality which accords so ill with the fundamental principles of the Republic. The most hopeful sign of these strenuous and progressive times is the widely-manifested disposition to investigate and protest against evil conditions that heretofore have been accepted, however unwillingly, as a part of the established order of things, and President Roosevelt has only given utterance to the prevailing thought of the great mass of the people.

Naturally, the excitement centers about those clauses of the message which deal with the curbing of corporate greed, and with the taking of measures to restrain the accumulation of enormous fortunes by private individuals through the exploitation of public properties and utili-

ties for private gain. A portion of the press, notably that portion devoted to the interests of the money powers, is uttering most pessimistic predictions as to the probable effect of an official document of this nature, urging that it inevitably will tend to increase class antagonism, and the social unrest and discontent that threaten a general upheaval so soon as the country shall again feel the grip of the "hard times" so confidently predicted as the sure reaction from our present overweening prosperity. The *New York Sun* goes so far as to say:

"When the President of the United States inveighs against wealth and casts about publicly for means to pull it down he invites violence. His idea implies violence, and the imagination of the people, already most unwisely inflamed, will give practical issue to it. A reaction in our prosperity may not be due for some time, but Mr. Roosevelt is seemingly bent on precipitating it. The tremendous impetus of our industries would alone carry us on gradually and naturally for a long time, supposing that we were already at our apogee, but shall we be permitted to pursue a natural course? And when industry slackens and there is no work, when wages can no longer be maintained, and when savings dwindle, in what temper will it be taken? With cheerfulness? With confidence in a common and beneficent destiny? With an abiding and unquenchable faith in the brotherhood of man, and in the solidarity of the American people? Alas—!"

The anxiety of *The Sun* as to the probable effect of hard times upon the popular temper may be well-founded, but it would hardly seem as if the present in-

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dustrial conditions were conducive to confidence in a common and beneficent destiny, that is, from the viewpoint of the workingman. Institutions like the Standard Oil Company, the Steel Trust, the Sugar Trust, the Coal Trust, and the Beef Trust, and private fortunes such as those accumulated by Mr. Rockefeller, Marshall Field, Russell Sage, the Astors, and hundreds of our other multimillionaires might even be more convincing evidences of the brotherhood of man and the solidarity of the American people, under the restrictions suggested by Mr. Roosevelt, than they are in their present untrammelled state. At any rate, it is difficult to see just why this state of cheerful submission and childlike confidence in the workings of Providence, that is supposed heretofore to have been the mental attitude of the American farmer and laborer under the pressure of hard times, should be destroyed by a suggestion of measures that would go far toward restoring the balance, and averting the possibility of a general financial depression and all the suffering that it brings in its train.

It is admitted that the prosperity of a country depends upon the industry and activity of its producing class, and it is also an unquestioned fact that hard times are brought about by the congestion of the market through the manipulation of the speculative or gambling class that exists upon the exploitation of the products of others. When the cry of "over-production" is raised, it does not mean over-production, but under-consumption, brought about by the diminution of the purchasing power among the great mass of the people. This diminution of pur-

chasing power is the direct result of the methods of monopolists, and is the obverse of the richly gilded shield of American commercialism; and measures taken to restrict the inordinate power of the monopolies, especially of monopolies in commodities that are common necessities, can hardly be held responsible for precipitating a reaction in our prosperity.

The world progresses, even though at times the course of its onward movement seems eccentric, and the fact is significant that the stones of social theory which the builders rejected yesterday become today the corner-stones of social statesmanship. As Emerson says: "Every revolution was first a thought in one man's mind, and when the same thought occurs to another man it is the key to that era." After the publication of the President's message, Mr. Carnegie, with special reference to the clause which advocates a tax upon inheritances, sent to Mr. Roosevelt a copy of his book, "The Gospel of Wealth," in which, sixteen years ago, he had advocated the same measure. In January 1848, the famous *Communist Manifesto* of Marx and Engels advocated the graduated taxation of incomes and inheritances, not as a solution of the social problem, but as a means to that end. It is less than sixty years since the proposition of this measure terrified half the civilized world, and now it comes as an official utterance from the President of the United States, and only here and there is heard the cry of "Socialism!" It is a new era. The old individualism of American politics, which was the reflex of the economic conditions of the antebellum period, is replaced in our day by an ever growing sense of collective re-

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sponsibility, itself the product of changed economic conditions. A comparison of the messages of any of the Presidents before Lincoln with the recent message of President Roosevelt would afford a basis for a most suggestive and illuminating study of sociology. We have reached a point in our development where we are no longer frightened by scare-words. Here and there, critics of the President's courageously stated protest against the accumulation of immense private fortunes, and the creation of plutocratic dynasties, have raised the cry that it is dangerous and revolutionary, but it is safe to say that the great majority of the American people accustomed to serious thought upon social conditions are in hearty sympathy with the President's point of view.

That the immense fortunes to which in recent years we have become accustomed are a menace to the safety and stability of the republican form of government is not seriously questioned. Two or three years ago a list was published of the names of twenty-four men who, between them, directly or indirectly, represented and in a measure controlled one-twelfth of the total national wealth, and all these men were on the directorate of a single industrial concern—the so-called Steel Trust. It requires no argument to show that in the creation of such powerful dynasties of finance and industrial rule lies a great danger to the institutions of a free and democratic people. An aristocracy based upon the mere possession of riches degenerates more rapidly, and to lower depths of degradation, than the titular aristocracies of the Old World, based upon birth or the pleasure

of kings, for many members of the latter class derive their traditions as well as their position from sturdier and simpler times, and have a saving realization of the meaning of *noblesse oblige*, applied to life as well as to manners. Such aristocrats, especially in England, are not far from democracy, for they have that simplicity of life and conduct which is the soul of democracy, while the voluptuousness and riotous extravagance, which we are compelled to associate with so many of our plutocrats of the second and third generations, are fatal to it.

It is no hardship for the heirs of a multimillionaire to have the State resume a part of the fortune which it helped him to make. The grandson of Marshall Field, for instance, the fourteen-year-old boy—a British subject by the way—who inherited one hundred and fifty millions, might even forfeit half to the commonweal and struggle along on seventy-five millions without suffering from actual privation. These enormous fortunes can not be regarded as the product solely of the genius or industry of their owners, or of the men by whom they were accumulated. It is true that in most cases both genius and industry are required for the accumulation, but, as Mr. Carnegie demonstrated with notable clearness in the address which he delivered recently at the convention of the National Civic Federation, the individual is largely an accident, the community on one hand and great natural resources on the other hand being in almost every case the main sources of wealth, which can not with justice or wisdom be regarded wholly as private property. Mr. Carnegie illustrated this very clearly by his



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own experience, and also instanced as an example presumably the Astor millions. Not so very long ago, a small plot of land in New York City sold for seven hundred thousand dollars, which seventy-five years ago had brought only eighteen thousand dollars. Every dollar of that vast increase was due to the communal energy and growth, and in nowise due to the activities of the profiting individual owning it. Such cases as this, and hundreds might be cited, explain the automatic growth of John Jacob Astor's modest fortune of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, made in the fur trade, into the immense Astor estates of to-day, which aggregate in value more than four hundred million dollars.

The Astor millions merely happen to form a convenient concrete example of private fortunes arising from the "unearned increment" incidental to the growth of population. When, a century ago, the founder of the Astor fortunes made his first investments in real estate there were about sixty thousand people on Manhattan Island. To-day there are more than two million inhabitants there, and the populations of the contiguous places have increased in like manner. It is not necessary to attack the individuals profiting by it to demonstrate the absurdity and injustice of such a system.

Back of the Standard Oil revenues and such gigantic fortunes as Mr. Rockefeller's lurks Privilege — and Crime. To make these amazing fortunes we, the American people, have burdened ourselves, and, worse still, are burdening coming generations. Upon the shoulders of posterity we lay the yoke of privilege for the useless gain of a few. To create

this plutocracy and to maintain it in power the perversion of our institutions of political democracy to serve the interests of the privileged few has been inevitable. Congress, State Legislatures, city governments, and all the agencies of government have had the blight of corruption insidiously imposed upon them to this end. For instance, the speculation in lands allotted under the Homestead Act has enabled mortgage companies and syndicates to acquire immense tracts of valuable land. By a seriocomic irony many of these syndicates and companies are controlled by such representatives of the British landed aristocracy as the Duke of Rutland, Marquis Dalhousie, and the Duke of Sutherland. The latter owns hundreds of thousands of acres in Florida, where Sir Edward Reid, another British subject, controls a million acres. Lady Gordon and Marquis Dalhousie control a syndicate owning two million acres in Mississippi, and so on through a long list.

The as yet little exploited land thefts, by which millions of acres of our best timber and mineral lands have been stolen from the public domain, have been and are sources of prodigious and far-reaching corruption; and another has been the reckless granting of more than two hundred millions of acres of our best land to railroad corporations, an area almost equal to the combined territory of Great Britain and Ireland, with France added, these supporting a population of seventy-five millions of people.

Then, too, there are the public service franchises. The reform of our cities and the elimination of corruption will never be brought about by spasms of moral in-

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dignation. The literature of exposure has not yet made it sufficiently clear that the evil is the natural fruitage of economic sources, and must be attacked at the root before it is remedied. In New York City the value of the public service franchises, for which the city received not a single penny, is not less than four hundred and fifty millions of dollars, a sum far exceeding the total indebtedness of the city.

These are only a few instances, but they would seem sufficient to refute the accusation that Mr. Roosevelt's recommendation of drastic remedial measures is likely to bring about hard times, or to arouse the discontent of the great mass of the people by its unnecessary zeal. Surely it does not take a fanatic or a Socialist to realize that if, for instance, a corporation succeed in so controlling the supply of any commodity that the consumers of that commodity are dependent upon the corporation, the only assurance of public safety lies in the federal control of that commodity, and that, if the enormous inflation of private fortunes be checked by the imposition of an inheritance tax that shall compel the return to the State of a portion to be used for the benefit of the commonwealth that helped to make it, the result would not be likely to bring about an uprising of the discontented masses. The impossibility of a wise and socially safe use of these great fortunes by their owners becomes increasingly evident. When, as in the case of Mr. Carnegie, an attempt is made to use any considerable proportion in public benefactions, such as the building of libraries, art galleries, and museums, and the creation of pension funds, the

whole nation suffers irreparable loss of self-respect and responsibility. It is not well for any nation to develop the instinct of looking to individuals to do what society as a whole ought to do. When, on the other hand, the riches are piled up and bequeathed to create a dynasty of wealth, the Republic is imperilled in another way, by the creation of a distinct pluto-aristocracy. Not only so, but the effect upon the inheritors is woful in the extreme. The results in the case of the Field family, the Pullmans, and the Thaws are typical of the moral havoc wrought in the majority of such cases.

That sooner or later a way must, and will, be found to stop the exploitation of public resources and needs for private gain and display is certain. The taxation of inheritances, progressively to the expropriation of the fruits of privilege, and all unequal advantages in the human struggle, must sooner or later pass from the domain of theory to that of accomplished fact. Taxation of inheritances is not a panacea for all the ills of society, but it is a long step toward the goal of social justice. That it should be so vigorously proposed by the President of the greatest republic in history, and so well considered by such men as discussed the matter before the Civic Federation, is a sign of progress that is epoch-making in its significance.

## NOTES

**A**FTER a family jar, created by Whistler and extending over some twenty years, the National Academy and the society of American Artists have made up, and are once more

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exhibiting together, hung side by side, on or off the line, with all past differences forgotten and some possible new ones inaugurated.

It would be reasonable to expect of this dual exhibition twice as much merit as each society has in the past shown in its own separate performance; but, as a matter of fact, there seems to be about half as many vigorous significant canvases as either association formerly displayed separately.

Many men intimately associated with the best of our national art are not exhibiting at all, and others whose names usually mean an interested crowd about their canvases are disappointing in both subject and treatment. Chase has an unsatisfactory portrait of a lady addicted to cosmetics; Homer Winslow, a seascape that suggests a cyclone in a tinshop (and, by the way, is purchased by the Metropolitan Museum); Cecilia Beaux, who, we have grown to feel, never blunders, has a full-length portrait of Richard Watson Gilder, that somehow seems sentimental in technique and sensational in color; and Henri, with his Spanish Girl, fails to convince us in his own *metier*.

As a whole, the exhibition lacks color and esprit and lure. From the artists' point of view, whatever is paintable is interesting, but to the mere spectator it becomes a positive tragedy that so many very fat and very lean plain ladies have sufficient pin money for portraits, and that so many essentially good artists must have that pin money or cease to exist.

There are, however, at least some artists who achieve distinction by seeming to have selected their subjects. Irv-

ing Wiles always gives one the impression that he has painted each sitter because it was necessary to the artistic perfection of his career. His work always appears to be done from the point of view of pure personal joy in achievement, and in every exhibition, from year to year, there is a still further advance, where the year before it had seemed almost impossible. Wilhelm Funk is another artist who always gives you the impression of painting each model from personal interest and artistic enjoyment. I have yet to see a recent portrait of his that has not charm of personality or individuality to express, as well as interesting color work and vivid technique. One does not readily forget Captain Try-Davies at the Pennsylvania Exhibit last spring, nor Mrs. Oliver Herford at the Academy last year. Age and youth both apparently reach Mr. Funk's imagination, and he expresses them with a sweep of color that Franz Hals and Sargent have also thought worth knowing and employing. Mr. Funk is moving steadily forward to his right place among the foremost of modern portrait painters.

In reverting to the Exhibition as a whole, where are Sargent and the real Chase and Remington and Saint Gaudens and MacMonnies and Haag (a new man among our sculptors) and Tryon, and that group of interesting Pennsylvania women, or any word from Chicago, or some new men with a flaunting message to catch our attention and set us criticizing?

There is much to be painted and modeled in this vast, new country. We are a vivid nation, with a rare, wide,

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unused land "to do." Are we asleep, or too young, or too self-conscious, that we cover our walls with so much that is nondescript and imitative?

But, at least, there are some gracious moments in the gray wastes of the present Exhibit which may be long remembered and dwelt upon with gratitude. Perhaps the most vivid of them are gained from the beautiful mural paintings of Robert Sewell, telling the story of the journey of the Canterbury Pilgrims—a story full of wonderful sunset lights drifting through shaded woods, with strong, fine horses that move from frame to frame with an easy gait and a gentle pull at the bridle. They have come many weary miles to this Exhibit, and they are moving slowly but contentedly out of it. The Pilgrims are in gorgeous raiment; there is much scarlet and gold and rare embroideries over strong bodies, and the horses are caparisoned with the reverent splendor of the Middle Ages. And all the gold glitters softly in the warm, late sunlight, and the deep-red coats light up in vivid outline against the dark forest trees. The faces of the Pilgrims, old and young, are illuminated with the purpose in them and made reasonable in the golden atmosphere of this wonderful day in legendary lore. There is an ecclesiastical richness of old missals in this line of wall painting, and with it the tenderness of mellow sunset and the impressiveness that always goes where human beings are grouped together to accomplish some high purpose, and, above all these things, there is, what is inevitable in Mr. Sewell's work, the technical mastery of the great artist in developing great art.

Of the smaller pictures of distinct freshness and significance, there is a delicately painted Japanese garden by Genjiro Yeto, a young Japanese artist who studied with Twachtman, and who has, coupled with the illusive Japanese quality, some of that great artist's sensitiveness to Nature's expressiveness; "Viewing the Cherries," it is called. There is a bloom of many white petals faintly seen through a pinkish glow, as though the wind were stirring the tops of the trees in the mellow sunlight. The charm of early springtime is in the picture, shown with that subtle Japanese quality which one can only designate as suggestion. It is a canvas full of perfume, and fills one with desire to find the wonderful cherry garden and drench in its mysterious light and sweetness. "The Dust Storm on Fifth Avenue" is another canvas with individuality. The whirl of high-blowing dust envelops the Flatiron Building, and twists about the trees in Madison Square; and a crowd of street children are seen through the clouds flying for cover, in that awkward, fantastic way that children have when half-frightened or half-delighted in some novel adventure. There is a fine bit of action in this little picture, with its gigantic buildings and flying children—a lively sketch well worth the painting.

Still another small picture that catches the attention out of the wilderness of the commonplace is a study by M. Petersen, "The Sun Shower." A group of men and women huddled under the trees are painted *en plein air* with broad technique and some dashing color effects. Through the rain the sunlight splashes in gay, glittering patches over people

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and pavement, and dappling the trees. It is an excellent bit of getting at atmospheric intricacies, delightfully free from pose or affectation.

Childe Hassam shows an exquisite "June Idylle," along with other pictures so overwhelmed with his favorite mannerism that when close to them they seem to have been seared with a hot poker in streaks, "mulled Hassams," as it were. Colin Campbell Cooper has some of his usual New York scenes. They are full of noise and hurry and bewildering lights, and are done with a vivid impressionistic handling of color.

There are several brilliant pictures by Henri, and but one of them, a magnetic girl in a black fur cap, is up to his best efforts. The Spanish girl is not alluring, although she was intended to be.

Louis Mora's canvases are interesting, all of them—especially two portraits, in which it has been said, by one of the critics, that "he has at last definitely found himself."

There are many children in the Exhibit, some charming and some mawkish and self-conscious, and some inexpressibly dear, like the funny little mites by Louise Cox; you always want to snatch them out of the frames and have rough and tumble plays with them, and hug them, of course. H. M. Walcott has a bunch of delightfully painted youngsters, whirling wildly about in a gay cotillion—much overdressed and sophisticated children, but alive and dancing with such sweet rhythm and abandon.

The sculptors' exhibit is small, but distinctly interesting, as any show of wholly American sculptors is bound to be nowadays. There is a characteristic pose of

Mr. Gilder by Rosales; some darling mothers and babies by Bessie Potter Vonnoh; an unusually excellent collection of Zoo models by Harvey and others; and a charming portrait bust by Roland Hinton Perry of his little daughter Gwendolyn, which is not only excellent temperamental portraiture, but a strong, vivid handling of the medium. This is one of several portrait busts which Mr. Perry has executed in the past year, all showing the real gift of portrait sculpture—the gift that reveals intimate personality. Mr. Perry's art is developing very swiftly of recent years, gaining in originality, sensitiveness, and in the expression of that mysterious quality for which inspiration is the banal term.

Yet, on the whole, this reunion of our two greatest American art societies seems but a dolorous occasion. Perhaps the separation lasted too long.

AN EXHIBITION of some recent paintings by Frederic Remington, at the Knoedler Gallery, has occasioned much interest among the lay world, as well as among artists and dealers, for the time has come when no collection of American paintings is complete without "one of Remington's." It is some time since the writer has seen gathered together any number of Mr. Remington's paintings, and the instant impression received of them at the Knoedler Gallery was of a new color note in the work, a color that belongs to the West, that is as inevitably of the prairies, and foothills, and desert as the color Groll has found in his palette for Arizona, and Louis Akin for Hopi-Land. When Remington began



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to paint the West, he, from the beginning, caught the real thing so far as subject and action go; but more often than not his Indians were painted into vivid French atmosphere, and his landscapes were of Paris and its environs, reminiscent of De Neuville and Detaille, early heroes of Remington's. But in the present exhibit not a trace of this old color scheme remains. Mr. Remington has a new palette, his own, and the real West's.

### REVIEWS

**A**LTHOUGH Mr. John Spargo's book, "The Bitter Cry of the Children," has been extensively reviewed, and is now running in its third edition, its contents are so pertinent as a contrast of actual and most deplorable conditions to the ideal conditions foreshadowed in Mr. C. Hanford Henderson's "Education and the Larger Life," of which an extensive digest is given in the body of this magazine, that we seize this opportunity to review it in *THE CRAFTSMAN* in direct connection with Mr. Henderson's book. Mr. Henderson argues that the regeneration of society depends upon the development and conservation of "human wealth" by means of what he calls organic education, or a system of training that shall develop the human being as a whole, physically, mentally, and spiritually, laying the stress upon what work in any line shall accomplish in the way of giving the worker an opportunity to realize his best possibilities as an individual and as a member of society, rather than upon the training of the student with the idea of achievement for its own sake. Mr.

Spargo shows the fatal effects of attempting to educate children whose physical condition is not equal to the mental effort of learning, and the still more disastrous results of sacrificing children to the greed of those who would exploit their labor for commercial gain. Mr. Henderson pictures what might be the state of society under ideally wholesome conditions of life and work; Mr. Spargo shows relentlessly what it is under the painful and unwholesome conditions that actually prevail, and that threaten the future of the nation and of the race.

The comparison halts in that Mr. Henderson theorizes concerning all children, brilliant and backward, rich and poor, while Mr. Spargo concerns himself with the children of poverty alone. Nevertheless, "The Bitter Cry of the Children" is as universal in its application to all society as "Education and the Larger Life," for Mr. Spargo not only depicts the condition of present poverty, but shows the chief cause of inevitable poverty and crime in the future.

In the introduction to the book, written by Mr. Robert Hunter, the author of "Poverty," the statement is made that "few of us sufficiently realize the powerful effect upon life of adequate nutritious food. Few of us ever think of how much it is responsible for our physical and mental advancement, or what a force it has been in forwarding our civilized life. Mr. Spargo does not attempt in this book to make us realize how much the more favored classes owe to the fact that they have been able to obtain proper nutrition. His effort here is to show the fearful devastating effect upon a certain portion of our population of an inade-



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quate and improper food supply. He shows the relation of the lack of food to poverty. The child of poverty is brought before us. His weaknesses, his mental and physical inferiority, his failure, his sickness, his death, are shown in their relation to improper and inadequate food. He first proves to our satisfaction that this child of misery is born into the world with powerful potentialities, and he then shows, with tragic power, how the lack of proper food during infancy makes it inevitable that this child become, if he lives at all, an incompetent, physical weakling. It is perhaps unnecessary to point out that the problem of poverty is largely summed up in the fate of this child, and when the author deals with this subject he is in reality treating of poverty in the germ."

Mr. Spargo holds that, among the many causes of poverty in this country of abundance, this question of insufficient nutrition during childhood, and the consequent stunting of all capabilities in the adult, is the great fundamental fact which lies at the base of the problem, and that, although it is a fact that should be fully known to the men and women who work in the field of our philanthropies, it has heretofore been almost entirely ignored by this class of workers. Therefore, as he says himself, he has tried to visualize some of the principal phases of the social problem—the measure in which the lack of nutrition due to poverty and ignorance is responsible for the excessive infantile disease and mortality, the tragedy and folly of attempting to educate the hungry, ill-fed school child, and the terrible burdens borne by the working child in our modern industrial system. He

abandons absolutely the theory held by so many, and at one time held by himself, that the great mass of the children of the poor were blighted before they were born, citing the results of strict and exhaustive scientific scrutiny to prove that the theory of antenatal degeneracy is untenable, and that the most convincing evidence goes to show that Nature starts all her children, rich and poor, physically equal, so that each generation gets practically a fresh start, unhampered by the diseased and degenerate past.

In England the high infantile mortality has occasioned much alarm and agitation, but Mr. Spargo points out that statistics show that the infantile death rate in the United States is not nearly so far below that of England as is generally supposed, and that it can safely be said that in this, the richest and greatest country in the world's history, poverty is responsible for the loss of at least eighty thousand infant lives every year, and that as many more of those who survive are irreparably weakened and injured, so that not graves alone, but hospitals and prisons, are filled with the victims of childhood poverty. One of the prime causes of this appalling loss is due to underfeeding or improper feeding, but another cause is the inevitable neglect that arises from the necessity for mothers to work in order to keep the family income up to the level of sufficiency for the maintenance of its members, and the intrusting of young children to ignorant and irresponsible caretakers. Even those whose grip on life is dogged enough to carry them past these worst dangers are handicapped in the matter of ability to receive the free education that is one of

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our most vaunted privileges, and which, under ordinary conditions, might fit them to grapple successfully with life. There is no question as to the benefit of education, or of our progress along this line. but, as Mr. Spargo says:

"We are proud, and justly so, of the admirable machinery of instruction which we have created, the fine buildings, laboratories, curricula, highly trained teachers, and so on, but there is a growing conviction that all this represents so much mechanical, rather than human, progress. We have created a vast network of means, there is no lack of equipment, but we have largely neglected the human and most important factor, the child. The futility of expecting efficient education when the teacher is handicapped by poor and inadequate means is generally recognized, but not so as yet the futility of expecting it when the teacher has poor material to work upon in the form of chronically underfed children, too weak in mind and body to do the work required of them. We are forever seeking the explanation of the large percentage of educational failures in the machinery of instruction rather than in the human material, the children themselves."

Mr. Spargo undertook a close and exhaustive personal investigation of the conditions which hamper the development of school children of the poorer classes, because of the excitement that was aroused by the estimate of the number of underfed school children in New York alone made by Mr. Robert Hunter in his book, "Poverty," but he pursued it to the lengths embodied in his own book because of his conviction of the immense importance of this factor in the social

problem of to-day. The results of this investigation he summarizes as follows:

"All the data available tend to show that not less than two million children of school age in the United States are the victims of poverty which denies them common necessities, particularly adequate nourishment. As a result of this privation they are far inferior in physical development to their more fortunate fellows. This inferiority of physique, in turn, is responsible for much mental and moral degeneration. Such children are in very many cases incapable of successful mental effort, and much of national expenditure for education is in consequence an absolute waste. With their enfeebled bodies and minds we turn these children adrift unfitted for the struggle of life, which tends to become keener with every advance in our industrial development, and because of their lack of physical and mental training they are found to be inefficient industrially and dangerous socially. They become dependent paupers, and the procreators of a pauper and dependent race."

Another long chapter is devoted to the question of child labor, its extent and its appalling cruelty, and the effect upon the race and upon the society of the future of our present merciless exploitation of the labor of young children to gratify commercial greed. Most fortunately, the agitation for the restriction and final abolishment of this evil is widespread, but this chapter, it is safe to say, has added and will add a much stronger impetus to the movement.

As to remedial measures, Mr. Spargo is practical as well as radical in his suggestions, basing many of them upon ex-

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periments already tried with success in other countries. He furnishes full and adequate data concerning these, and shows how there is even now a strong movement toward the forcing of better conditions in this as well as other countries. As he says:

"While the causes of poverty remain active in the forces which govern their lives, it is impossible to reclaim the victims. Were nothing but charity possible, consideration of this and other phases of our growing social misery might well plunge us into the deepest and blackest pessimism. But surely we may see in these experiments in the work of social reconstruction, which wise and enlightened municipalities have undertaken, a widening sense of social responsibility and the rays of the hope-light for which men have waited through the years." ("The Bitter Cry of the Children," by John Spargo, 337 pages. Illustrated with reproductions of photographs taken of actual scenes and individuals. Price \$1.50. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

C. HANFORD HENDERSON'S new book on "Education and the Larger Life," alluded to in the review of "The Bitter Cry of the Children," has been reviewed at length in the body of this magazine, as it seemed of sufficient significance to demand a more extended digest than could be given in this department. ("Education and the Larger Life," by C. Hanford Henderson. 386 pages. Price \$1.30 net; postage 13 cents. Published by Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston and New York.)

IN A POEM entitled "Night and Morning," Katrina Trask (Mrs.

Spencer Trask) tells in beautiful blank verse, full of warmth and color, the old Scriptural story of the woman taken in adultery. The incident is used merely as the subject of a dreamily exquisite picture of life in and about Jerusalem in the time of Christ, and as a foundation for an expression of the philosophy of the higher inner law of love which is beyond all lawlessness in freedom, because it is the supreme triune love that is held in poise, by the spiritual law within itself, above all selfish expression which might work harm and wrong. The woman, the young, rich-natured wife of a stony, middle-aged Pharisee, breaks the law of her people in a wild effort toward freedom and life, and is exultant in her sin, although condemned and about to die, until aroused by the Christ to a sense of the deeper wrong she has done.

"In love she had outlived the fear of  
Law,  
But condemnation from this Lord of  
Light  
Was matchless in its magnitude of pain.  
Her quickened conscience knew, at last,  
the depth  
Of her offence—grave sin against the  
Light—  
Her love had cast the shadow of itself  
Upon the world that needs illumining.  
Nor had she held a beacon in the dark  
To lead her lover to a larger place—  
Love's duty unto Love—to Man—to  
God."

The poem is another of those broader spiritual interpretations given by modern thought to lead to a deeper understand-

## ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

ing of the life problems just hinted at in so many of the incidents recorded in the Bible. It is both fearless and deeply reverent in tone, and carries out its argument with logical clearness. ("Night and Morning," by Katrina Trask. 72 pages. Published by John Lane Company, New York.)

A TECHNICAL book that should be both interesting and valuable to artists is "The Secret of the Old Masters," by Albert Abendschein, an artist who has made a lifelong study of the methods and mediums used by the old masters to prevent their paintings from discoloration and final destruction. The book gives the fruits of twenty-five years of constant labor and experiment to discover the principles, methods, and materials that enabled the masters to produce their work. The author claims that his researches have been rewarded in so far that he is satisfied that they have been successful in bringing some order out of the confusion, and some light to bear upon the mystery in which the technique of the old masters has always been enveloped. After an introduction which treats of the decay of paintings and the extent to which artists are blamable for the decay, the author goes very thoroughly into the question of the technical methods of the old masters, as he understands them, by means of careful research and experiment, giving all the evidence he has gathered upon the subject, and a careful comparison of the action of the different media and the methods of preparing canvas and drying the painting when finished. The book is well worth

careful study by painters, as it is likely to prove a valuable guide to further experimenting along these lines. ("The Secret of the Old Masters," by Albert Abendschein. 198 pages. Price \$1.00 net. Published by D. Appleton and Company, New York.)

AN UNUSUALLY interesting little book is "The Dreamer," a small collection of dramatic monologues by Philip Green Wright. Most of the more important monologues are in blank verse, with an occasional lyric fragment that is like a stray bit of music. Of the more serious efforts, *The Captain of Industry* seems easily the best in thought and expression, although *The Socialist* is pitched in a higher key, and *The Queen* has a cleverly suggested background of romance.

But the undeniable merit of thought and verse is by no means all that gives interest to the book. Mr. Wright is an enthusiastic lover of beautiful printing and has a press of his own, upon which he himself printed the book, which was then hand-bound by his wife, who is an equally enthusiastic binder of books. So the modest little volume, printed on heavy, rough-edged paper and bound in white vellum, is really a hand-made *edition de luxe* which has the additional charm of having been made by the man who wrote it. It would be a charming little gift-book for anyone interested in the modern socialistic thought. ("The Dreamer," by Philip Green Wright. Illustrated with portrait. 53 pages. Published by The Asgard Press, Galesburg, Ill.)

# OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

## THE REVIVAL OF OLD-TIME INDUSTRIES: NETTING!

**N**ETTING is one of the most charming of household arts which our grandmothers loved; forgotten except in villages like old Deerfield, where the excellence of hand-work has always been appreciated. Netting was not confined to trimmings; it was used for every kind of indoor article, from a bag to hold the Christmas pud-



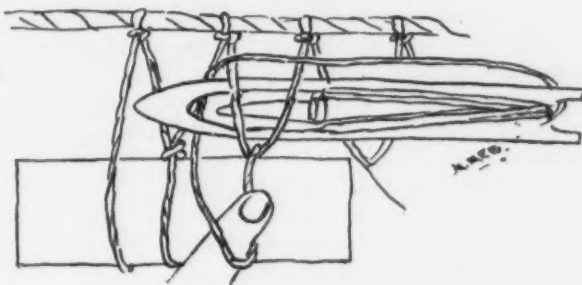
THESE KNOTS ARE ONLY TO HOLD THE WORK, TO BE SLIPPED OUT WHEN THE STAY CORD IS PULLED OUT

ding to curtains for the tester bed. One of the best examples is a dear little cap made for a new baby seventy-five years ago. Out of doors the net stitch was applied to all sorts of uses, fly nets to protect the horse in the summer, sacks to hold ears of Indian corn, and little round bags with long handles with which the small boy might go crabbing or minnowing.

It is curious that such a useful art, for netting is both durable and inexpensive, should have been relegated to the fishermen making or mending their nets, and to the old salts, making ham-

mocks in the Sailors' Snug Harbor while they wait the call to start on the last voyage. It is durable because each stitch is perfect in itself, and if it breaks the web is not loosened, and inexpensive because it requires only cord or thread as material and is made with only two wooden tools, both easily made at home.

With this article are shown sketches of two styles of needle, the larger one for hammocks and all large work, the smaller for lace and fringes. Hard wood should be used; gumwood answers, and holly is also very good; three-sixteenths of an inch thickness makes a large needle. One-half of a pattern may be drawn on a piece of thick manila paper (which has been doubled and creased) and then cut out, the paper then being unfolded and pressed out. The needle may be cut out with a knife or scroll-saw. This ensures the two sides of the pattern being exactly alike. The mesh stick or block may be of any desired width—one inch is an average size of mesh for a hammock made of seine cord. For finer work a lead-pencil is often



SHOWING FIRST NETTING STITCHES



## OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

used for a mesh stick, but for lace, or anything made with thread, an even smaller size is required; sometimes in one pattern of lace two or three sizes of mesh are used, each requiring a different stick.

The needles and blocks may be procured for about fifteen cents at any cord store. The cord used for hammocks varies in weight; an averaged-sized soft



THESE ARE THE  
NEEDLES

cotton sells for about twenty-five cents a pound, and two pounds are sufficient.

There should be provided also five yards of "side-cord" and two large iron rings. The materials for a large hammock cost about fifty cents, so it will readily be seen that hammock-making is a fairly profitable industry for women at home, as a hand-made one never brings less than two dollars, and may be as high as three and a half. The plain netting may be varied by the introduction of fancy stitches and knots, which will be explained later on.

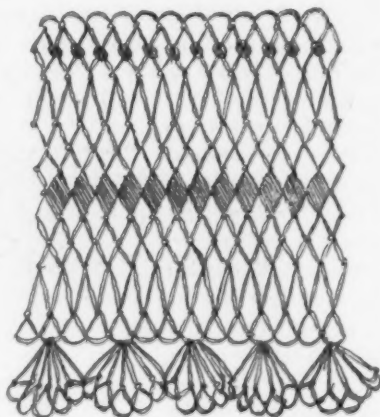
The materials being procured, the cord should be wound into balls and the needles filled as shown in the sketch. The easiest way to make the top of the hammock is, to my mind, to put the requisite number of stitches on a cord stretched between two nails, as at first it is easier to see the meshes and avoid mistakes, working in a horizontal line. Forty-two stitches make a good width for a large hammock.

The method of using the needle is shown in one of the sketches better than

I can explain it in words, but care must be taken to draw up the thread quickly and firmly so as to avoid a slip-knot. Great care must also be exercised never to skip a knot.

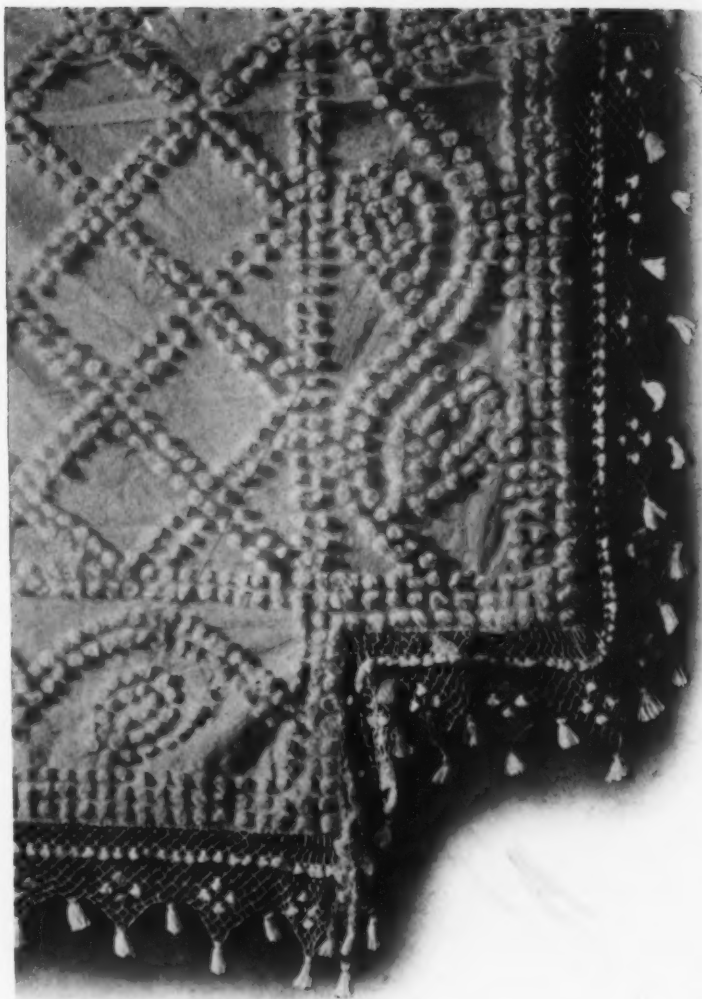
When the first row is finished, the mesh stick being moved along so as to keep it always with at least half a dozen stitches on it, the end loop is left extra long and the new row begun. If necessary, the work may be untied and turned wrong side out so that the worker may always be following from left to right, but it is better to learn to work either way.

The thread must be united with care when the needle has to be refilled, by lapping the threads in the center of the knot. When the hammock seems a reasonable length—six and one-half feet is a good size for an adult—the ends should be finished without cutting the cord at the last mesh. The hammock should be laid on a long table, so that the end meshes extend straight across it two feet

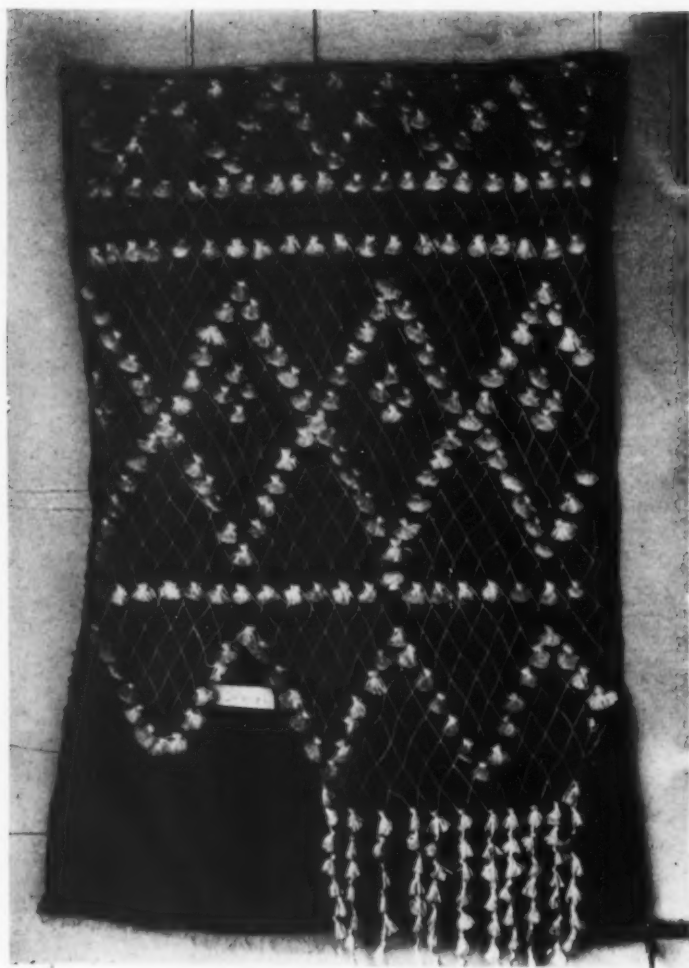


EDGE OF HAMMOCK. FASTENED ENDS





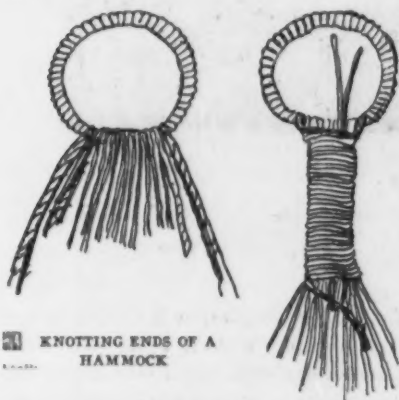
TUPTED BED COVER DESIGN, BY MRS. HENRY



NETTING DESIGN FOR CURTAIN. BY MRS. HENRY

## OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

from the end. A tack should be driven under the edge of the table to hold the ring. The needle should then go from the end through the ring and back, then



KNOTTING ENDS OF A HAMMOCK

through two meshes, where it is caught with a stitch, then through the ring again, and back through two more meshes, etc. If necessary to tie in a piece do so with a weaver's knot, very near the ring. The thread should finally go up to the ring, and as all the threads near the ring should be securely wound, and a long piece of cord, say five yards, should be left for this. The "side-cords" must, however, first be put in by lacing one through each side of the hammock, so that they go through the rings, and all loosely knotted around the bunch of threads. The side-cords must be left just loose enough to hold the hammock taut without letting it settle too much in the middle. In winding the ends the same principle may be used that the sailors employ in splicing ropes; that is, the remaining end must be left so it can be pulled under the twist. To do this the

end is laid through a loop of cord long enough so the ends extend eight or nine inches along the threads. As the twist is only six inches long this leaves ends projecting. When the twist is long enough the end may be put through the loop, and these ends pulled till the end goes far inside the twist.

Both ends of the hammock should be finished this way, and it will add greatly to the effect if the rings are buttonholed with cord. The hammock may be decorated if desired with little tassels tied into each loop along the sides, or by a knotted fringe. A more elaborate net-stitch is also sometimes used, with a double thread.

Bags of various kinds to hold clothespins, dust-cloths, and other household articles, are useful made of the coarse cord used for the hammock. To make a string bag it is necessary to have a wooden hoop; a pair of embroidery hoops from the ten-cent store will supply two



FASTENING ROPE TO RINGS



SOLOMON'S KNOT, LOOSE AND TIGHT

## OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

bags. On this hoop the first row is knotted; but instead of ending, it goes on around and around till the bag is as deep as required, when the meshes are gathered in by a string cord, or fastened into a small brass ring by a stitch similar to that used in the ends of the hammock.

Basket-ball nets and some other kinds are cylindrical and do not need to be gathered in. Tennis-nets are pleasant work, as the thread is fastened to a long side-cord by half stitches instead of the side-cord being put in afterward, and this stiff cord makes a firm foundation for the stitches.

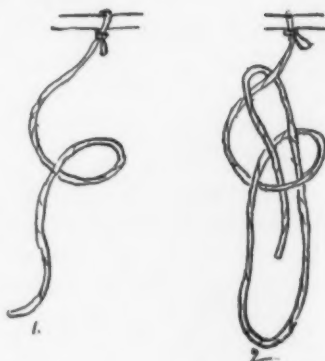
In making netted trimmings and laces it is best to have a little ivory needle. A small bone paper-cutter may be easily shaved into the desired shape and sand-papered. A small ivory block is also very satisfactory.



WEAVER'S KNOT, LOOSE AND TIGHT

Linen thread makes very durable lace, but if something less expensive is required the coarse cotton used for crochet work answers the purpose. The patterns given explain themselves, as they can easily be adapted for various uses. Netted lace makes a particularly good trimming

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FIRST LOOP

COMPLETE

BOW LINE KNOT

for window curtains, as it is delicate and lacy in effect without being perishable. Dresser sets ornamented with it are also very pretty. Made in small meshes, with a design worked in, it is sufficiently heavy for table linen, and is oftentimes so used, but it seems to me better adapted for more lace-like effects, where fineness rather than heaviness is desired.

Netting adapts itself well to dress trimmings, cuff and collar sets being very pretty. The measure of the wrist must be taken and the netting done round and round, as in a bag, the mesh being very small, and any fitting is done in flat rather than tufted work. The ends of the turn-over collar should be finished with a group of loops such as occur along the edges. The desired openings may be left, through which a ribbon may be run.

One of the daintiest examples of netted work I have ever seen was the baby's cap already mentioned, made of fine linen thread, with a mesh not more than one-fourth of an inch long. The start was made around a tiny button-holed ring.

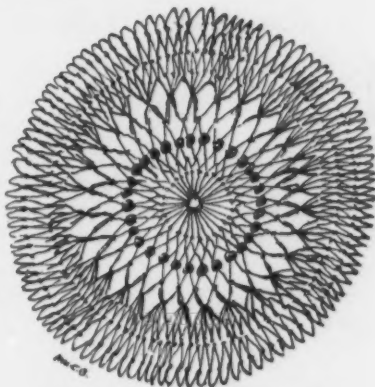
## OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

and the back made in a circular piece not more than three inches across. The front was a strip about three inches wide sewed on with a little fulness to this circular piece, for about three-quarters of the way around. The enclosed sketch gives an idea of a suitable design which might be carried out in saddlers' silk or knitting silk, as well as in linen. All designs for netted work should be drawn on paper marked in squares. Reference has already been made to the use of the weaver's knot in fastening threads. It is one of the best methods of tying a new thread to a short end, and is done as shown in the sketch. A number of other knots are shown which are frequently used in connection with netting. The Solomon's knot is most effective in tassels, a double thread being looped in the spot desired, thus leaving four ends.

Two knots are useful in putting up a hammock or net; the lanyard hitch is a good one, and the bow line or bow string knot is also good, as when pulled tight it can not slip. In fact the security of most knots depends upon the tightness with which they are made.

Sometimes, instead of using side-cords in a hammock, a braid or twist of fine cord is used. In this case a pretty fancy twist is made of Solomon's knots repeated. It is necessary to have four very long threads to start on, at least three times as long as the piece required.

An old-fashioned twist cord makes a good side-cord. A piece of ordinary hammock cord is used for this, about three times the length required. One person holds each end, twisting to the right till the cord is kinky the whole length. It is then doubled, from the center, and natur-



BABY'S CAP OF FINE LINEN THREAD

ally coils itself in a perfect twisted cord. Where it is difficult to get supplies, or a specially decorative effect is required, one side-cord, with a little extra work, may be used for ropes, side-cords, and everything connected with a hammock.

Sometimes colored cotton wrapping cord is used for nets. For decorative purposes Sea Island cotton answers well enough, but for hammocks to be used out of doors it is not very durable, and is likely to fade, and crack if it becomes damp. In fact plain white or linen color seems far the most satisfactory in fitness to purpose, but if color is required it is better to dye the cord oneself before making up with vegetable dyes for cotton. The cord must afterward be rinsed through many waters. Colors used for carpet warp are generally fast, in brown and gray, and if brighter tones are required logwood, cochineal, and other old-fashioned dyes will answer. To my mind the best color comes from constant exposure to sun and rain till the cord takes on the silvery gray tone of an old seine net.

MERTICE BUCK.

## OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

### SHIRT-WAISTS FROM A CRAFTSMAN POINT OF VIEW.

IT IS something of a departure for THE CRAFTSMAN to talk about fashions from month to month, and we can readily understand how some of our subscribers may wonder about it a little. "Why fashions in THE CRAFTSMAN? What have fashions to do with handicrafts or fine arts? Or what significance have women's clothes in relation to the progress of the world?" As all these questions have actually been asked, it is well worth THE CRAFTSMAN's time and effort to explain just why we have decided to have a Fashion Department, and the tremendous importance of a right attitude toward clothes in the scheme of human development.

Although it may seem arrogant to make so bold a statement, it is true that the human race must grow, in order to develop fully, through its mothers as well as its fathers. Heredity, so far as it exists, is always a twin burden; you are likely to inherit all the unfortunate traits of one of your parents, while vainly striving to imitate the virtues of the other; and, as the man as well as the woman is likely to suffer for the mother's shortcomings, it is just as well to count her in as an important detail in the game of life.

Now, as a matter of fact, there are few conditions in modern life that so permanently affect a woman and her offspring, mentally and physically, as this question of clothes; not merely the vital point of whether clothes are comfortable and hygienic, but the actual expenditure of valuable nerve force in the contriving of garments, the worry over their insufficiency or undesirability, the fear of

criticism, and the constant urge to variety and novelty. By the woman fashion devotee, health and strength are sacrificed mercilessly, not for beautiful new clothes which will make her more alluring or more comfortable, but solely for new fashions or the doing over of old fashions, the adding of a brown ruche at the back of a purple hat, the shifting of the fulness of the sleeve an inch or so, changing the length of a skirt, opening a blouse at the back instead of the front, narrowing a belt, widening a girdle—these things, often nothing more important, actually tend to such lengths of physical strain that it is possible for them to undermine health and shorten life.

Sensible, intelligent women (at least so they rank about matters of general importance) sit up nights, give up outdoor sports, sacrifice delightful concerts and new books, and often intercourse with friends and family to *keep in style*—not merely to be well dressed or picturesque, but to be in the *height* of style. There seems to be some thrill and ecstasy in exciting the envy of friends over the last detail of fashion that is in its way as fatal a habit as opium or gambling, and even women who have not the "fashion habit" seem to feel that there is a social obloquy in being out of style—a personal shame involved, which it is well to avoid at all costs. And so THE CRAFTSMAN has thought it worth while to ask its women readers to stop and think about clothes, their real relation to life, their real significance in the scheme of human happiness.

Of what value that we work and plan





A. M. Cooper

DESIGN FOR EVERY-DAY BLOUSE  
SIMPLE, BUT NOT ECCENTRIC



A. W. Cooper

MORE DRESSY BLOUSE, AFFORDING OP-  
PORTUNITIES FOR EFFECTIVE COLOR-SCHEMES

## OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

to create a new style of national architecture that will make our homes simple and beautiful and reduce the labor therein to a minimum? Of what importance that the question of furniture and furnishings in these homes is being made a lifelong study that our daily life may be full of the beauty of actual art, and with the problem of housework almost wholly overcome? Of what significance that we are able to find in our homes through our own exertions (and these of the lightest) peace and rest and pleasure, if all the time and opportunity thus gained is promptly wasted in fashions?

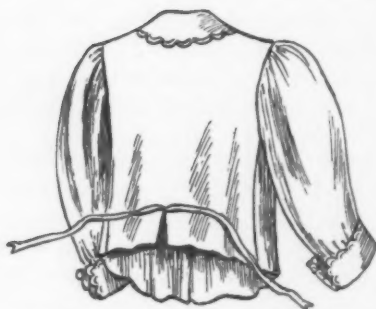
It is essential that various phases of one big, progressive movement should develop along parallel lines. If we are going to simplify life, simplicity is not for one phase and extravagance for another. It is of no use to build houses of the kind that reduce labor, and make dresses of the kind that use up all the hours we have saved in our wise architecture. To really progress and achieve a more reasonable and restful way of living, it is necessary that all of life should be in harmony—clothes with house and furnishings, architecture with civic improvement and social service. You would not get anywhere by trying to walk in one direction with the right foot and in another with the left, no matter how straight the road the right foot desired to travel. Hence the betterment of the extravagant, restless condition of the life of most American women must be accomplished by concerted effort.

And so back to feminine raiment. To dress beautifully, comfortably, and simply is as much a part of progress as is a

wise style in architecture, or an athletic physical standard for the growth of women, or the right use of machinery in relation to handicraft work. Clothes, useful, beautiful clothes, are, in fact, one kind of handicraft, and any instruction about the making of them has as much a place in *THE CRAFTSMAN* as cabinet work or basketry or book binding. The whole object of a Fashion Department in this magazine is to show the importance of right dressing, and to encourage women to a point of view that is at once original, wise, and profitable.

Life lived in the simplest, most inexpensive way, can be made so overwhelmingly full of enjoyment, indoors and out, that the thought of hours daily given up to the mere clothing of the body, without adding comfort and beauty, fills one with desperation; as though fashion were some hideous, inescapable blight that was spreading out over modern feminine existence. But how to avoid these conditions? It is such a nerve strain to be radical and "different." The nice, average woman is not a born "leader." She just does the best she can to keep in line; and so, if the idea of the simplification of dress is to be made practical, the process itself must be made simple, and lovely, too. It must seem really worth while to women of taste as well as sense. A woman must look as pretty in her simple clothes, and she must receive as many admiring glances for them, and other women must offer her an occasional tribute of envy, if she is really to adopt them into her life permanently. To be convinced by logic is no substitute to a woman for the thrill of praise and admiration.

## OUR HOME DEPARTMENT



HOW TO MAKE SURE OF A TRIM WAIST LINE

This taken for granted, the first step in lessening the burden of fashion serfdom is to make sure that simple fashions are also beautiful fashions, and that the absence of decoration but reveals more perfect lines in the cut and fit and finish, and with less imitation to show a greater actual charm; in other words, the simple dress must have attractions as great, or greater, than the merely stylish dress, or it will not be "a go."

In the two blouses illustrated in this article, it is the intention to prove how wholly attractive and original in effect a comparatively simple waist can be made, and how very much more of the real beauty of the wearer may be revealed than in the usual ornate, fussy garment. In the blouse fastening in front (a convenience not often granted womankind) the material used is a flexible CRAFTSMAN linen, a pale, wood-fiber tint, that is in perfect harmony with any dark-toned skirt material, though, perhaps, best with brown. This particular linen is not only beautiful in tint and texture, but practically indestructible, also it neither fades nor shrinks.

An instant, swift complaint is heard—

"We do not want *indestructible* materials, for our waists go out of style." But you see waists made after CRAFTSMAN models will not go out of style, for they have no extravagant modishness to begin with. So you may safely buy the most durable fabrics with an easy conscience.

It is worth while studying into the detail of this blouse, for every bit of it has been most carefully thought out, that it should be the acme of prettiness, comfort, serviceableness, and durability. It is cut with an easy spring over the bust, furnished by the shoulder tucks; there are broad shoulders, which mean style as well as comfort, wide armholes, and sleeves sufficiently loose for perfect freedom from shoulder to wristband. It is an ideal working blouse for office, or school, or housework. There is a little droop and fulness at the belt, and the



A WRISTBAND THAT WILL LAUNDER WELL

belt shows an ample waist-line that must always belong to a perfectly healthy girl; but a trim waist, nevertheless, that goes with the smartest dressing and with a proper personal pride. If a girl has her rightful heritage of a plump, round throat, the simple collar shown in this

## OUR HOME DEPARTMENT



DETAIL OF EMBROIDERY STITCH

design, loose and low, will be very becoming to her; if not, she would better finish the blouse with a neckband, and wear with it a plain linen collar, or a becoming black satin stock. The scalloped edges of the entire blouse afford an opportunity for a pleasing color harmony, thus avoiding a too severe line in so plain a garment. For the object in simple dressing is not rigidity nor severity, but the combining of materials and colors to develop a garment into an appropriate outer covering that is related to the wearer in color, style, and outline. It would be an excellent idea to embroider the blouse edges in the same color as the skirt which is to be worn with it.

It may be considered reverting to primitive methods to frankly button a blouse with the buttons showing, but, personally, it is a great gratification to me to see buttons worn with this dig-



RAISED BUTTONHOLE STITCH

nity, and not placed under pleats and flaps as though they were an indecent necessity, the use of which was a humiliation to any right-minded girl. There is no reason why a button should be hidden any more than a stud. There is no reason why they should not be the best sort of an ornament, which is also useful. The idea that it is essential to good dressing to conceal a simple, useful button is one of the many affectations of fashion that fill one with amusement, if not disgust. This blouse, which is essentially for workaday use, is pretty of any soft flannel, or wash silk, or of the cheaper coarse butchers' linen. Any shrinkable material should be thoroughly tested before being cut, as shrinkage in



A COMFORTABLE COLLAR MODEL

a plain model is always more noticeable and disastrous.

The second model here illustrated, although quite as simple as the first, has a suggestion, through cut and finish, of greater dressiness, and is designed more for afternoon wear, for luncheon, to use with tailored suits, or for tub shirtwaist dresses. The best material for this model are Shanghai silk, mull, and unstiffened lawns, both foreign and domestic. In the illustration a complete dress is shown, for winter indoor wear, made of white, washable, plain Shanghai silk. The fulness in the front of the blouse is gained by many hairline tucks just at the shoulders. A very decorative

## OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

effect is presented by cutting out a design, buttonholing the edges of it with a pearl-gray silk, and setting under the openings a piece of deep gray velvet. The velvet is tacked on and removed for laundering purposes.

A girl with any deftness of fingers can easily work out an original design from her favorite flowers, do the cutting and embroidering herself, and thus learn much of fine handwork and floral designing while making a perfectly practical and useful garment. A great variety of color schemes can be thought out. The dress material could be of Delft blue, with white buttonholed edge; or the silk could be white, with old ivory embroidery and daffodil yellow velvet; or cadet blue silk would be pretty, with black embroidery and scarlet velvet. With the latter scheme a pretty floral decoration could be made up from field poppies, which conventionalize most effectively.

To be sure, this is all decoration, but it is decoration with a purpose—to secure an interesting variety in color, and at the same time to develop in the maker a worth-while sense of the handicraft of

dressmaking—a very different proposition from mere useless decoration, with no real thought and much real expense.

Both of these waists are unlined, which lessens labor in making and laundering. Both are equally appropriate for winter and summer, and both are suited to any variety of figure. The slender girl, who studies her own style, will add a little to the fulness over the chest, will lengthen the sleeve a trifle, and close the neck; while the plump and rosy girl will make the most of the low-neck effect, and do away with all superfluous fulness. The girl with flesh can afford greater frankness in her clothes than the thin girl, who, on the other hand, if she understands the art of dressmaking, can create illusion and mystery by the careful study of detail. Each type must understand herself, and must use her brain to bring her clothes in perfect harmony with her characteristics.

In our March number the question of spring hats will be taken up; instruction for their home making will be given, and excellent working plans and designs furnished. The serious problem of bonnets will also be taken up.







*From the 102nd Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy*

"THE YOUNG MOTHER."—BY GARI MELCHERS